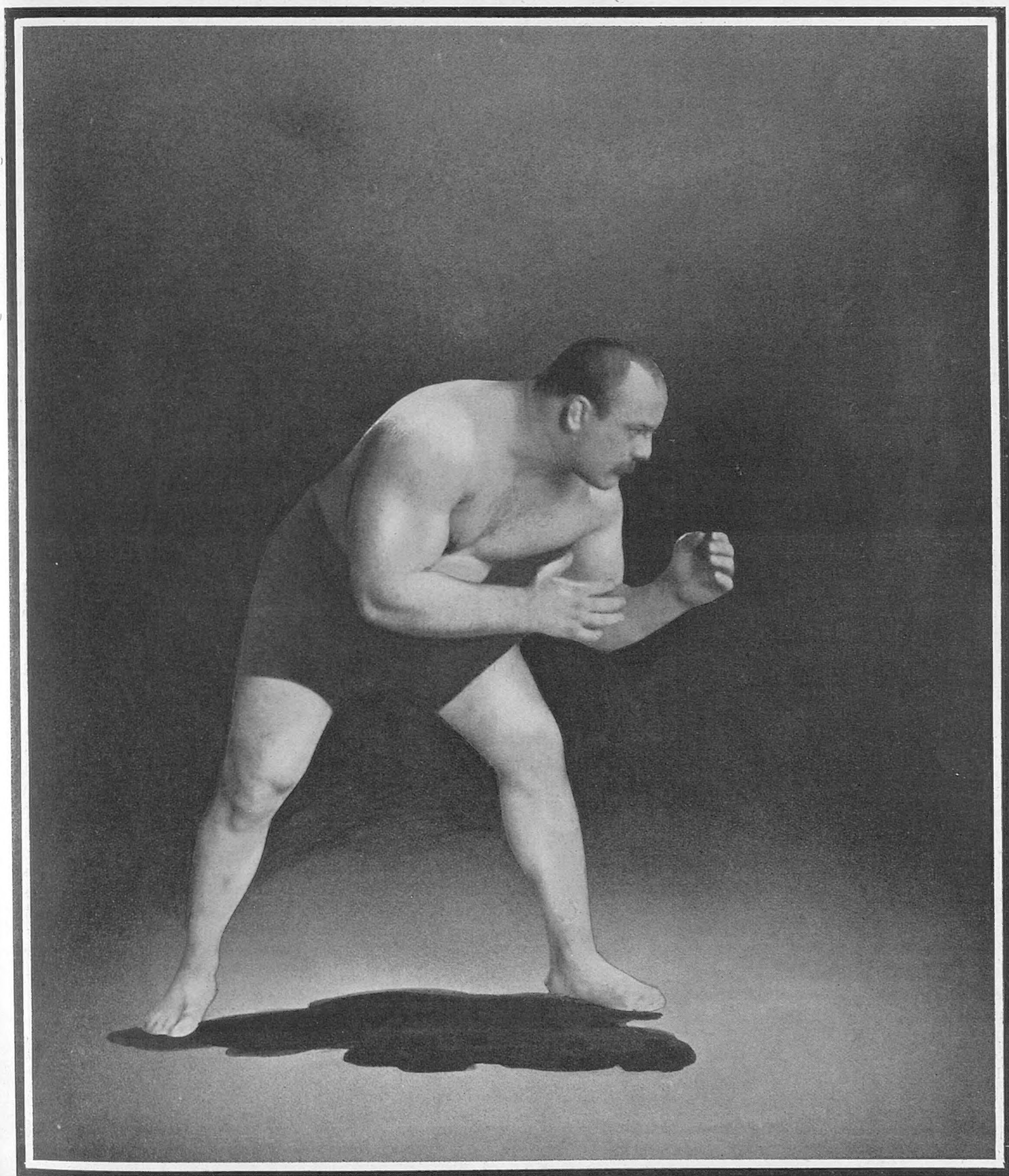


The Sketch

No. 776.—Vol. LX.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



THE FIGHT TO MEET HACKENSCHMIDT: ZBYSKO, WHO BEAT PADOUBNY ON MONDAY,
AND WILL TAKE THE MAT WITH HACKENSCHMIDT, "THE RUSSIAN LION."

Zbysco, the Galician, and Ivan Padoubny, the Russian, met in a wrestling match at the Pavilion on Monday afternoon last, to decide which of them should contest Hackenschmidt's right to the title "Champion of the World," and Zbysco proved the winner. Like Hackenschmidt, Zbysco has beaten Madrali. He is 26, is 5 ft. 9 in. in height, and weighs 18 stone. His chief measurements are: chest, 55 in.; neck, 22 in.; thigh, 30½ in.; calf, 18 in.; biceps, 18½ in. Padoubny is 36, is 6 ft. 1 in. in height, and weighs 19 stone 10 lb. His chief measurements are: chest, 58 in.; thigh, 30½ in.; calf, 19 in.; and biceps, 17½ in. The contest was in the Græco-Roman style, and the winner is to meet Hackenschmidt. Padoubny was disqualified for tripping.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS NUMBERS OF THE YEAR.

The Christmas Numbers of the "Illustrated London News" and "The Sketch" are now on sale, and those who desire to secure copies should obtain them at once, for the demand is very great, and delay might mean disappointment. Both issues contain new and attractive features, and a number of pages in colours. The "Illustrated London News" has four coloured plates, while "The Sketch's" coloured presentation plate is entitled "Good Night," and is from the picture by Léon Comerre. Each number is published at One Shilling.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

The City of Dreadful Sloth.

I have great pleasure in introducing to you Mr. Chas. Alcock. Mr. Chas. Alcock is rather a dear. He has discovered one of the principal reasons for the degeneracy of England. (There are about a thousand excellent reasons, you know, for the degeneracy of England, and there always have been. *Item*, there always will be. *Item*, there are a thousand excellent reasons for the degeneracy of every country in the world. *Item*, there always have been. *Item*, there always will be. And mankind at large will still continue to improve, inch by inch, as it always has. Pardon the digression.) Mr. Alcock has discovered that "one of the most baneful habits into which England has degenerated is that of going to bed late and rising late." Mr. Alcock lives at Warminster. Have you ever been to Warminster? You may see lights in the windows there as late as eleven o'clock, and at Christmas time, I am told, there are those who will risk Mr. Alcock's displeasure by sitting up until the hour of midnight. As for getting up, at five o'clock in the morning there is hardly anything doing at Warminster! How can the town hope to hold its own under such conditions? At six o'clock the place is astir, yes. The labourers are lumping away to the fields, and the country postmen are off on their rounds. But by six o'clock Mr. Chas. Alcock has done half a day's work.

I Defy Chas.

Mind you, Mr. Chas. Alcock is not the man to do things by halves. He is not the man to grumble without suggesting a remedy. He is not the man to drag a nation in the dust and leave it there. Recognising that he has hit this poor old England of ours pretty hard, Mr. Alcock hastens to apply the bandage. "I am no ardent lover of church-bell ringing," he says, "but if church-bell ringing at seven in the morning will cause us to rise at that hour, I say 'Ring on.'" That is what Mr. Alcock says, you see; "Ring on!" he says. Boldly he says it, bravely, simply, like a true English knight. Does he fear criticism? Not he! So long as he can get everybody out of bed by seven in the morning he says "Ring on!" Mr. Chas. Alcock may be interested to hear that the bells in my neighbourhood *do* "ring on" from seven in the morning. *Item*, that the picks and shovels and hammers of the navvies of the South Eastern Railway "ring on." But they do not, for all that, get me out of bed at seven o'clock, or eight, or nine, unless I feel inclined. I am so degenerate that I can sleep as long as I like. Mr. Alcock may install a whole peal of bells in my very bedroom, yet he will not persuade me to stir until I have had my six hours. So there, Chas.!

Criminal Copy-books.

Seriously, though, if Mr. Alcock wishes to do England a thoroughly good turn, let him abolish the old-fashioned copy-books. Few things are more harmful, more deceptive, more stultifying in early youth than copy-book maxims. The majority of our proverbs were framed by knaves for fools. Take, for example, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" and "A rolling stone gathers no moss." From seven to nine years of age, when my virgin mind was peculiarly impressionable and receptive, I was compelled to write, in bold letters, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" and "A rolling stone gathers no moss" until there was not the slightest possibility of my ever forgetting them. Had I not been a youth of very independent mind, my whole career might have been affected by these foolish, misleading proverbs. I should still have been a private schoolmaster, "living in," with a salary of thirty pounds a year. True, I should have acquired moss, but I was not in any urgent need of moss. I rolled, therefore, and managed to collect a little matter of rather better value. I should like to arrange a reprint of all the copy-books in England,

substituting for "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," "A good chance is better than a poor certainty," and for "A rolling stone gathers no moss," "A rolling stone may pick up a diamond."

Bark v. Bite.

Another preposterous proverbial statement is to the effect that "Barking dogs seldom bite." Whether this is scientifically correct or otherwise, I do not know. I see no particular reason why a dog should not bark and bite as well, so long as he does not attempt to perform the feats simultaneously. However, that is not the point. The proverb means that the man who threatens does not perform, whilst the really dangerous man is he who keeps his mouth shut, so to speak, until his opponent is off his guard, and then suddenly lands out and knocks him into the fireplace. Apart from the lack of sportsmanship displayed by the author of the motto, I wonder what would happen if the great nations of the world left off barking, and merely waited their opportunity to bite. We bark when we build a new battle-ship; we bite when we use it. But we do not want to bite, as a matter of fact. We have quite enough to chew for the present, and therefore we bark. What applies to nations, as you are well aware, applies to individuals. The man who walks through an evil district with his hands tied behind his back is likely to lose his watch and get a kick where the chain ought to be, but the man whose arms are swinging loose may pass on his way in safety. . . . Amend the proverbs, dear Mr. Alcock, and we will do the rest.

Good Hearing for Your Grandchildren.

A writer in the New York *Independent* has been getting tremendously optimistic about the "Woman of the Future." "She will be juster than the woman of the present," he says, "because she knows more and thinks more clearly; she will be better because she is stronger; milder because she is wiser. She will be able to take a broader view of life and its meaning, and in this way she will lose certain prejudices which are now known as virtues." I should hate to question the wisdom of all this, but I fear the writer has confused his ideas in some small degree. For example, the woman of the future, he tells us, will be better because she is stronger. Good. Physically speaking, at any rate, people generally get better as they get stronger. But then he goes on to inform us that she will be milder than the woman of the present. I do not quite see how the same person can be both stronger and milder. *Item*, I do not find much comfort in the knowledge that the next century will be able to boast such ideal women. After all, both the writer in the New York *Independent* and myself live in this century, and it is the women of this century, therefore, more particularly the women of the first half of this century, that we have to bother our heads about. Anybody can be optimistic about the future. It is the rosy side of to-day that is sometimes obscure.

More Degeneracy!

Sir Dyce Duckworth, for instance, has been speaking of the decadence of womanhood. (Poor old womanhood! They don't give the topic much of a rest.) Sir Dyce says that "this is a motorial age, and motorial activity has a great deal to do with the decadence of womanhood." Surely, this is rather hard luck! Twenty years ago, everybody sneered at women who rode bicycles. Now they jeer at those women who do not know how to ride a bicycle. Twenty years hence, I suppose, the woman who cannot drive a motor will be the exception, and, according to Sir Dyce, the sex will have gone to the devil. It is astonishing that the tiniest change should fill people with apprehension. You may be quite sure that Adam said some biting things about modern society when he saw Cain in a pair of little trousers.

THE NEW KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN, THE GOTHs,
AND THE VANDALS.



KING GUSTAV V. OF SWEDEN AND QUEEN VICTORIA.

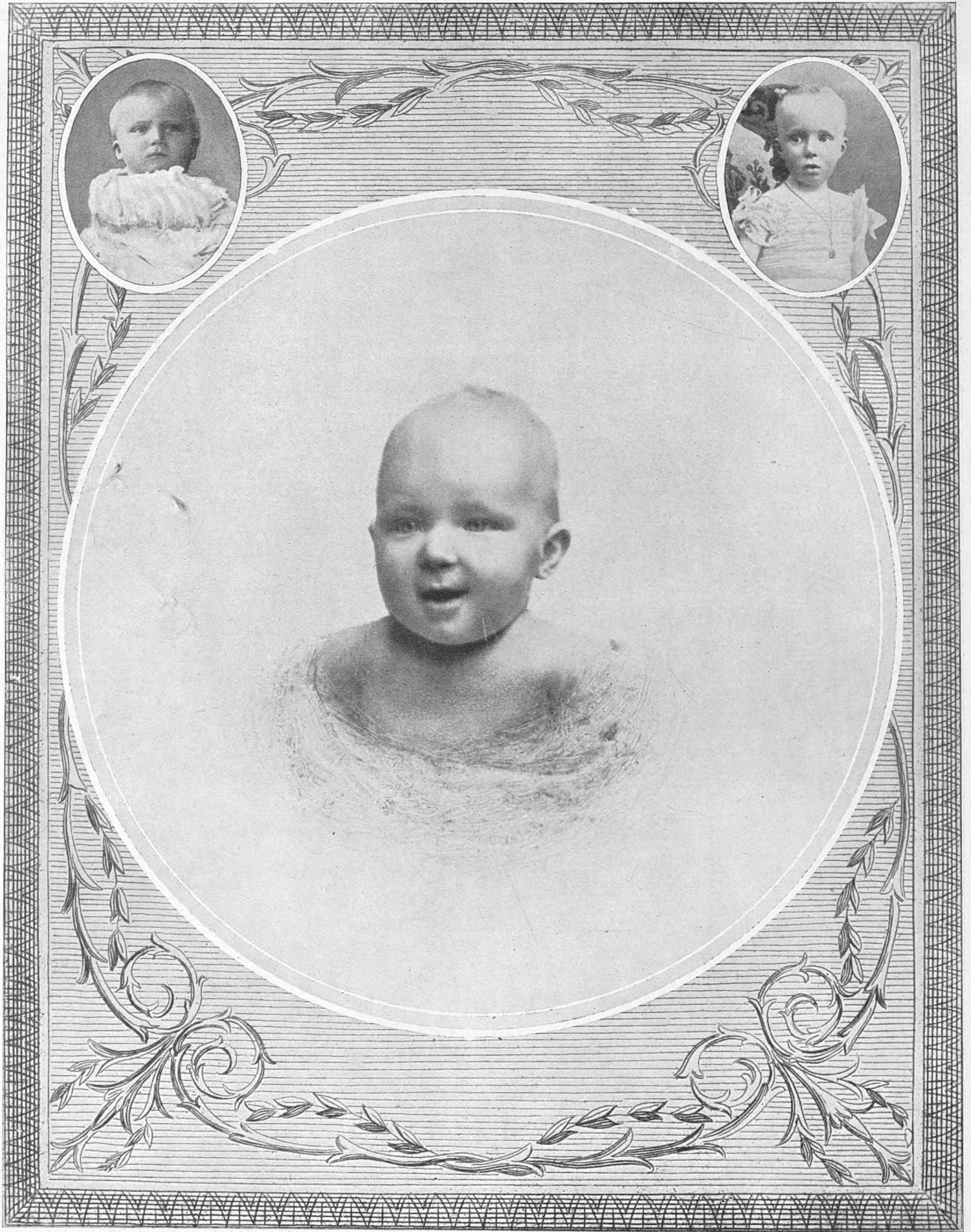
The aged King Oscar II. of Sweden died on Sunday last, and was succeeded by his son, the Crown Prince, who has taken the title Gustav V. and has adopted the motto, "With the People for the Fatherland." The new Queen of Sweden was Victoria, Princess of Baden, and was born in August 1862. The new King was born in June 1858. His full title is King of Sweden, and of the Goths and the Vandals. The new Crown Princess was Princess Margaret of Connaught.

Photograph by Florman, Stockholm.

"ISN'T HE LIKE HIS MOTHER?"—OR IS IT HIS FATHER?

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AT THE AGE OF TEN MONTHS.

THE KING OF SPAIN AT THE AGE OF TWO YEARS.



THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS; HIS MOTHER AS SHE WAS AT THE AGE OF TEN MONTHS;
AND HIS FATHER AS HE WAS AT THE AGE OF TWO.

It is interesting to compare a portrait of the little Prince of Asturias (taken only a few days ago) with photographs of his father and mother taken when they were two years and ten months old respectively. We must leave our lady readers to decide which of his august parents the little Prince "takes after."

Photograph of the King of Spain by Fernando Debas; of the Queen of Spain by Hughes and Mullins; of the Prince of Asturias by Langfieri, Bond Street.

THE BREACH OF PROMISE ACTION FOR £20,000.



THE BEAUTIFUL PLAINTIFF: MRS. ATHERTON.

WHOSE ACTION FOR BREACH OF PROMISE AGAINST THE HON. JOHN YARDE-BULLER
IS OCCUPYING THE COURT.

Mrs. Atherton claims £20,000 for breach of promise from the Hon. John Yarde-Buller, son and heir of Lord Churston, and husband of Miss Denise Orme.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

GARRICK.—Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, in a play, in four acts, entitled *SIMPLE SIMON*, by Murray Carson and Norah Keith. Matinee Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.30.

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December 11, 1907.

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| NEW CROSS | " | 10 ⁵² | MARGATE SANDS | " | 10 28 |
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FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

"LA FEUILLE DE PRÉSENCE."

By MM. Mycho and Nordève.

Théâtre du Grand Guignol.

I really don't know in which of the Ministerial offices the piece takes place, and I am not at all sure that it matters. Ministerial offices in Paris are rather like Ministerial offices in London, possibly more so, and no doubt that is why M. Clemenceau recently instituted a time-sheet which all the clerks sign every day to show that even if they attend to no work, they occasionally come to the office. The time-sheet is the *raison d'être* for the play. Rather a slight foundation, but sufficient, because we are in Paris, where propriety is quite a secondary deity. M. Morin is married, and M. du Bois-Joli, his colleague, has a fellow-feeling for his colleague's pretty wife. And as a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, Suzanne Morin has a way of spending her afternoons in M. du Bois-Joli's company. Morin is suspicious, and the time-sheet makes it necessary for Bois-Joli to turn up at the Ministry instead of talking—let us say politics—with pretty Madame Suzanne. Then he gets an idea. He puts an anonymous letter on his colleague's table telling him that at the other end of Paris he will find his wife in gallant company. Off goes Morin, and meanwhile Suzanne calls for Bois-Joli to take him off and—discuss politics. But the *chef du bureau* comes in and sees Suzanne. He finds her pretty, and is told that she is the new typist. When she has gone to discuss politics with Bois-Joli the real typist, who is neither beautiful nor young, makes her appearance. She is put in a cupboard for no particular reason except that this is a farce, and the *feuille de présence*, when passed round, is signed by everybody who should sign it with the exception of the Minister. No, you are quite right. The author's style has no resemblance to either Maeterlinck or Marie Corelli.

EN PLONGÉE.

By MM. Laumann and Olivier.

You know the sinking feeling, friend the reader, which you find in Little Mary when the lift takes you downstairs (whoosh!—just like that) after an evening with the boys? "En Plongée" has the same effect. The curtain goes up and you sit and stare at the cabin of a little submarine boat, into which French sailor-men, the captain, and a young cadet come toppling down a ladder from the little deck. The captain makes a few remarks about the fun of being in great danger, things are screwed up (including the young cadet's courage), handles are turned, and then you get the sinking feeling. All that really happens, of course, is that a green curtain, which is painted to look as much like sea-water as can be done at the price, is drawn up. But you see this through portholes, and you wish you had not had that *sole, sauce crevettes et moules* for dinner. Still, a warm little hand in a white kid glove is an excellent sheet-anchor. (How nautical we are getting!) Weird sea-monsters

bump their noses against the porthole glass, and the sailor-men begin to get uneasy. We are rather too deep down for comfort, and it doesn't make us any more comfortable to learn that the captain is full of opium. The little white-gloved hand is a comfort, of course, but this talk of opium reminds me most unpleasantly of that shrimp-and-mussel sauce. I have a twittery feeling in the pit of my Little Mary, and if I only knew which handle to turn, I'd

climb on to the stage and go up to the surface again. There are some more weird voices, and the pressure of the water has burst a plate. The warm little hand is giving mine convulsive little squeezes. The sailors are using awful language to the opium-sodden Captain, and I should like to talk to him myself. I am too young to die. But the Captain, drunken with his drug, finds it glorious sport. Then he realises that the men in the machine-room are already dead. The other men refuse to wait for death, unscrew something which lets in water, and the curtain drops. It was quite a relief after that to realise that there was a bar outside our box where drinks were to be had and not sea-surf, and that there was another play to follow. I knew I wasn't in heaven, too, because "Monsieur Platon" was not at all that kind of play.

"MONSIEUR PLATON."

By Paul Gialferi.

If Mr. Redford had been

with me I should have died of shame. It would have been so awkward for the poor man, too, to have anybody watching him. And I am sure he would have burst his collar trying not to laugh at this deliciously naughty little satire. There's a bed on the stage when the curtain goes up. A little lady named Nini Plaisir (whose name tells you all about her that you need know) is sitting at the foot of it, smoking a cigarette. Then a man (*oui, ma chère!*) wakes up and gets up. And I realised, to my horror, that the two had never even been introduced when they had met at the Folies-Bergère the evening before. The young man dresses. Then he sees a speaking-tube, is told that it communicates with the maid, and whistles down it. The maid comes in—in gold-rimmed spectacles, and a black frock-coat and trousers. The situation is awkward for the young man who is dressing, for Monsieur Platon is Nini Plaisir's legitimate husband and—well, there you are, don't

you see. Then M. Platon and the young man (who is called the Daily Male on the programme) find that they know one another. M. Platon used to be the young man's tutor until he went into the fish trade, and he inquires after the Daily Male's papa and mamma, and grows tenderly reminiscent over the dinners they used to give him. He refuses also to have the Daily Male's interlude with Nini spoiled by any metallic after-taste. And as I hid my blushes behind a hat in the latest fashion, I pondered on the graceful marvels of the French language.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



THE BRITISH IDEA OF A FRENCH GOVERNESS, PRESENTED BY THAT "ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE," MR. HARRY FRAGON.

Mr. Fragon is to play a French governess in "The Babes in the Wood." Our photograph shows him in a make-up which, we are assured by Drury Lane, is practically identical with the one he will assume for their pantomime.—[Photograph by Walery.]



THE ZULUS AND THE WHITE MEN—THE KAISER AND THE FOXES—A GOD AND HIS RATS.

THERE is going to be trouble in Zululand once again, and many spears will be washed. The noble savage objects to the poll-tax, and cannot understand why he should not live on his own land without paying the white man for the privilege of so doing. There are plenty of bad advisers, white and black, in Natal and in Zululand, and the Ethiopian movement, the cry of "the black man's land for the black man," keeps the natives unsettled. I have met the Zulu under various circumstances, and have a great admiration for him as a fighting man, but he does not understand anything except the plainest facts; and that some white men disapprove of what other white men do only seems to him to provide an excellent excuse for wiping out and eating up all white men.

Therefore I hope that Natal will be allowed to settle her native question in her own way. The Natalians are just as humane as we are at home, but they know the natives, and they know that a hesitating policy means a constant series of uprisings. We cannot expect all the able-bodied men in Natal to take the field once a year at the unhealthiest season because we will not allow them to settle the question once for all whether the white man or the black is to be master. The valleys in Zululand are just now steamy nests of fever.

We at home are not the only people who are too prone to doubt the humanity of our Colonists. There are always in the Colonies some "cranks" who take it for granted that the majority of their fellow - Colonists are always in the wrong. A case in point comes back to my memory. After the relief of Rorke's Drift, in the Zulu War, some Zulu prisoners had been taken and were put under guard. There was no enclosure of any kind in which to keep them confined, for the space inside the stone walls held so gallantly by the company of the 24th was required by the hospital authorities. The prisoners were warned by the interpreters and by some of the Natal Carbineers, who spoke the Zulu language that if they attempted to escape they would be shot. The sight of the Blood River and Zululand on the other side was too much for two of the prisoners. They watched their chance, and ran for freedom. They were both shot dead before they reached the river bank.

I heard the shots, and saw what had happened. Many months later, when the war was ended, I found myself at a dinner-party in Pietermaritzburg, sitting next to a lady who, when she found out that I had been at Rorke's Drift at the time of its relief, began to cross-examine me as to the shooting of the prisoners. I soon found that an attempt was being made to entrap me into some support of a statement made by the lady

that the prisoners had been told to run away in order that their guards might fire at them. I protested very earnestly against this, for it so happened that some of the men who had been on guard over the prisoners were personal friends of mine; I knew them to be humane men, and they had told me how much they regretted that duty had compelled them to shoot the escaping men. The accusation was afterwards made in print, and was at once authoritatively contradicted; but the incident at the dinner-party showed me how ready some people in Natal were to impute blood-thirstiness to the men who were defending the colony from invasion and from massacre.

The members of the shooting-party at Crichel, I read, laughed when the Kaiser took off his hat to two foxes who came out of one of the covers. We have parallel customs. To take off one's hat to a magpie is to secure luck, and the luckiest thing in the world going to a race-meeting is to meet a sweep, or, preferably, two or three sweeps. Most racing men have a half-belief that every sweep met on the road to the course and saluted with a bow means a successful bet. I am quite sure that if the Kaiser had ever seen, as I have done, two very black sweeps in a little donkey-cart saluted by every man on a coach going down to the Derby, the sweeps affably returning bow for bow, he would have smiled at a British superstition as we smile at a German one.

Of all strange superstitions, perhaps the strangest is the one which

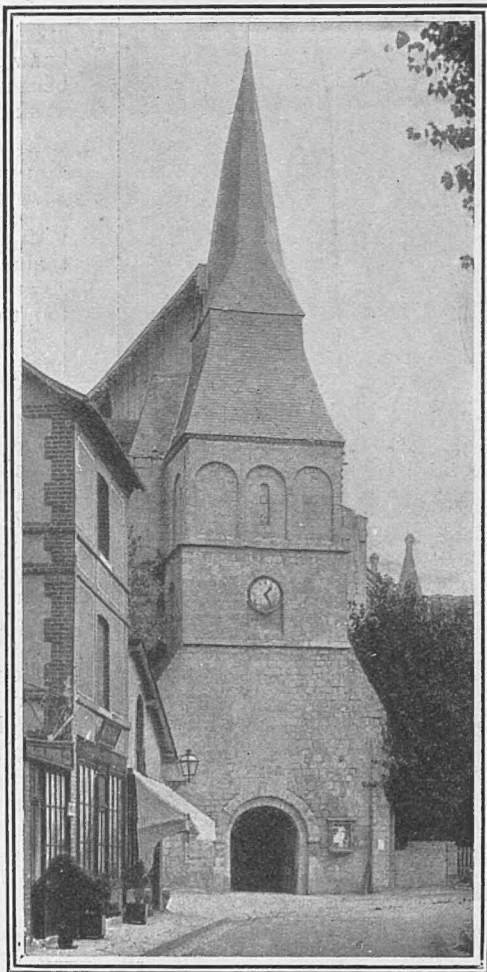


A CANDLE THAT WILL BURN FOR THREE YEARS: "THE KING OF MULBERRY STREET'S" THANK-OFFERING.

Raffaello Cascone, known as "the King of Mulberry Street," has been cleared of a charge of murder that kept him in the Tombs prison for three years. On his release he ordered the giant candle here illustrated to be sent to his native village in Italy, where it will burn night and day in the little church. The makers of the candle guarantee that it will keep alight for three years. It is about ten feet high.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

prevents the Hindus from killing the rats which spread the plague in India. Every god and goddess of all the vast mythology of the Hindus rides upon some animal when he or she goes on a journey. The rat is the steed sacred to Ganesh. Ganesh is a very important god. He is elephant-headed, which is an indication of his extreme sagacity, and he is a deity to be propitiated, for he has charge of all the minor devils. Ganesh, if he be offended, can work untold ill, but if kept in a good temper he can prevent any harm from coming to man or house. Therefore every Hindu has a little statue of the god either over his door or painted on the wall. Ganesh is, of course, invisible, and therefore no one knows on which of the millions of millions of rats in India he may be taking a ride; but if his steed were killed while he was mounted on it the slayer and all his relatives, his native town, and even his province would suffer unimaginable terrors and punishments. Therefore the rats go free and unscathed, and spread the plague as they will.

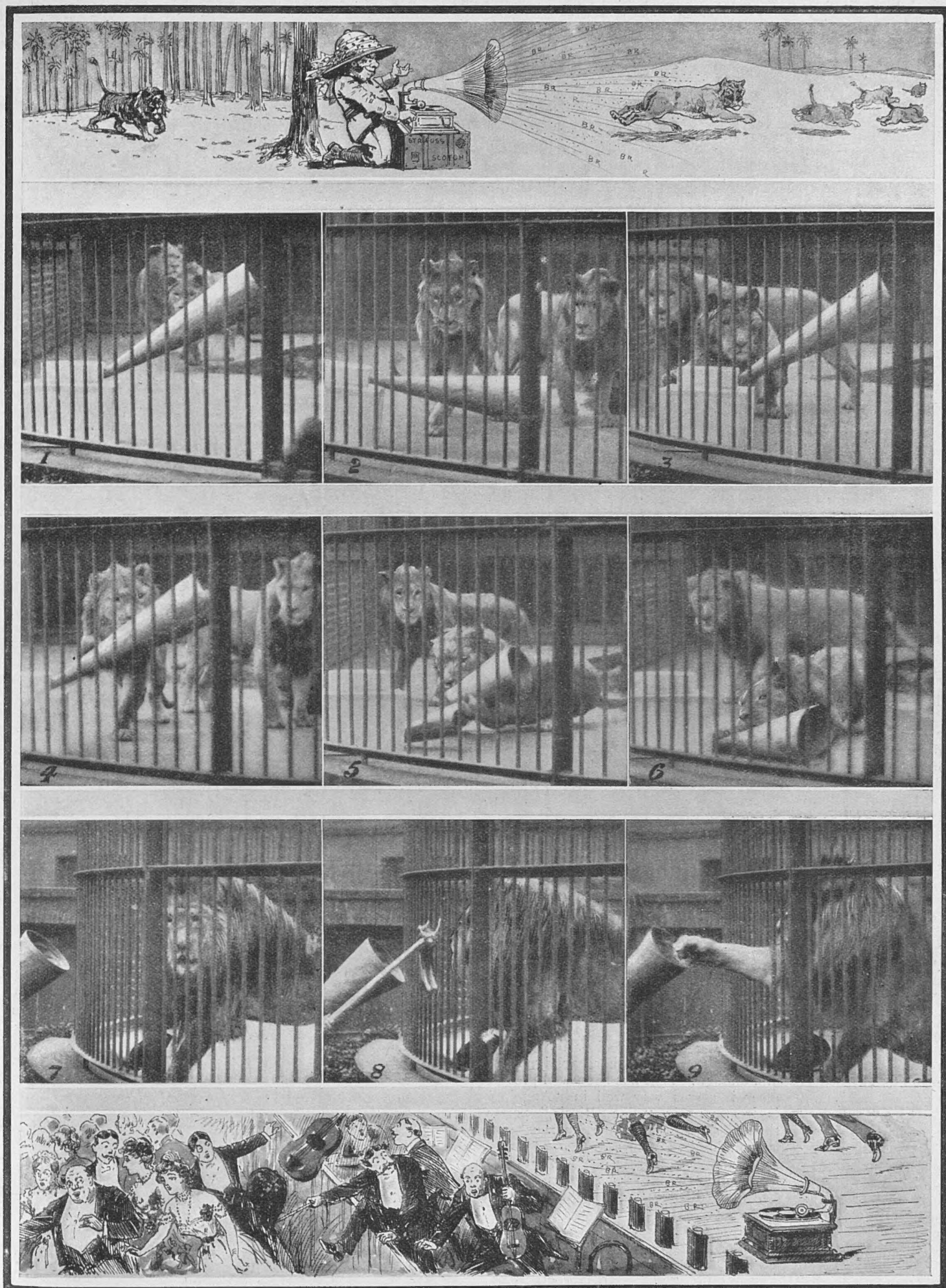


A CHURCH THAT HAS BEEN SOLD FOR £10.

It is said that the Mayor of Villiers-sur-Mer, with the consent of the local council, recently put up the parish church for sale by auction, on the understanding that it was to be pulled down immediately. The church, which is a solidly built sixteenth-century stone edifice, was sold to a firm of contractors for the sum of £10. The Mayor then, it is reported, caused the stone font to be used as a horse-trough, and the communion-table as part of a pig-sty.

THE LION'S ROAR FOR "THE CUCKOO."

THE ATTEMPT TO RECORD LEO'S SMALL-TALK.



1. THE "ZOO" LIONS ARE INTRODUCED TO A DUMMY OF THE GRAMOPHONE RECORDING-MACHINE—
4. — THAT ONE OF THEM TESTS MATTERS BY PATTING THE TRUMPET —
7. A TRUMPET IS THEN PLACED OUTSIDE THE CAGE, IN THE HOPE THAT THE BARS WILL PREVENT DAMAGE—

2. —AND MAKE INVESTIGATIONS—
5. —AND, FINDING THAT IT OFFERS NO RESISTANCE, BEGINS TO EAT IT—
8. —AND ONE OF THE LIONS IS MADE TO ROAR IN ANGER THAT HE CANNOT SECURE THE MEAT HELD OUTSIDE HIS CAGE.

3. —WHICH ARE CARRIED TO SUCH A LENGTH—
6. —INDEED, HAS A SATISFACTORY, IF SOMEWHAT STODGY, MEAL.
9. THIS INABILITY TO SECURE AN ADDITIONAL MEAL WORRIES LEO SO MUCH THAT HE BREAKS THE TRUMPET WITH A BLOW FROM HIS PAW.

It will be remembered that the roar of a lion (heard without) is a feature of "The Cuckoo," which is now being presented at the Vaudeville. When the play was about to be produced, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, who is playing the leading part in it, asked the Gramophone Company to make a record of a lion's roar for him. The first attempt to make this record is here illustrated by means of enlarged prints from cinematograph films. The experiment was carried out, by special permission, at the "Zoo."



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")



"ANGELA"—"THE NEW BOY"—"EAGER HEART"—"A DOMESTIC PROBLEM."

IT is difficult to guess why adaptors take such little pains to Anglicise their works, seeing how great is the reward of the successful playwright. "Angela" is supposed to pass in England, yet almost every detail of manners and customs is essentially un-English, though not, therefore, necessarily French. Now this is regrettable, for it destroys the verisimilitude of the piece, and in order to enjoy even a farce we ought to be able to make believe in it. Moreover, the play pretends to be more than farce—it is called farcical comedy. The claim to such a description may be disputed, because a true farcical comedy is not an accumulation of scraps of farce and comedy, but a blending—a chemical combination, not a mechanical mixture. In fact, the first act was farcical comedy, the second and half the third farce, and the end sentimental comedy. Pretty broad farce, too, some of it was, for when the curtain falls on the second act, leaving the little widow excited by wine—that touch might have been omitted—and by the love-making of half-a-dozen other couples, and in the arms of the ardent Richard behind the screen, whilst the waiter is stealing away, we know what we know; and that if such an episode had been offered in a real comedy Mr. Redford would probably have stopped it. Why it should pass in farce but not comedy is what Lord Dundreary used to call "one of those things no fella can understand."

Of course, the scheme of a play based on an encounter between two young people engaged, or about to be betrothed, who meet and fall in love with one another, each ignorant of the other's identity, is sound enough. That has been well proved many a time, and, in a sense, it serves very well in "Angela," though I prefer Sheridan's treatment in "The Rivals," partly because he has greater wit than is shown in this particular case by Mr. Gordon Lennox, who has collaborated with Mr. George Duval in manufacturing for the English market a version of "Dix Minutes d'Arrêt." Some parts are quite funny. Mr. Eric Lewis is very amusing as the fussy old father of Angela, who finds his widowed daughter such a tempestuous trial that he is anxious to get her married; and Mr. Fred Lewis is delightfully comic in the part of the fat, elderly Mr. Bithers who was engaged to Angela for some weeks, but got dismissed because he would make love to his betrothed and talk about "the little blind god." Mr. Herbert Ross, too, was diverting as the hero's uncle, who was tired of Mr. Richard Evesham's financial and other follies, and wanted him to marry the widow, calculating that out of the income of her fortune the nephew could repay some of uncle's advances—a dramatic invention hardly clever enough to excuse its absurdity. There was a lively episode, too, concerning the parlourmaid, who was bullied by Angela, and came sobbing into the room to tell her grievances; and the part was well acted by Miss Gladys Storey.

The pity is that most of the good things are put into the first act. How many farces we have had with a good first act! The

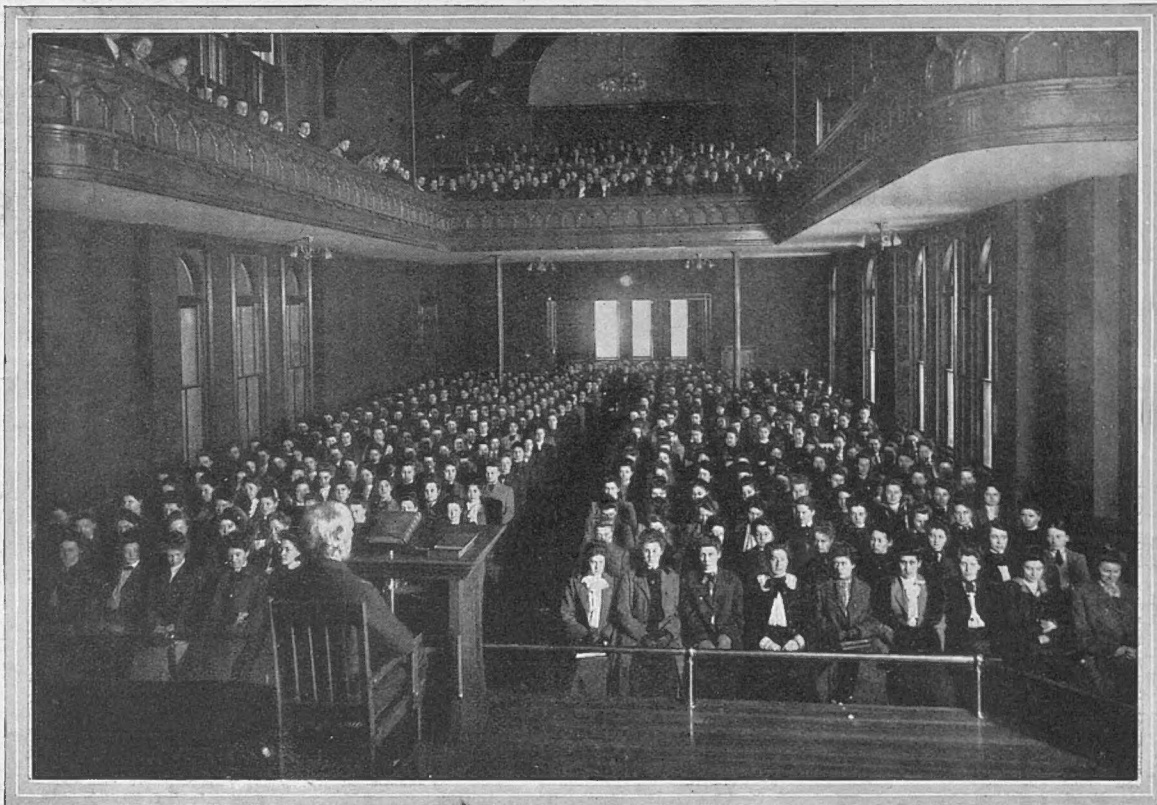
pinch comes later. A diminishing number possess a strong second act; and few fail to fall off badly in the third! The third is the weak part of "Angela." The comic business of the discovery that Angela and Richard have exchanged trunks—queer-looking trunks—at the railway-station, so that she is carrying one that contains a pipe and silk pyjamas, etc., whilst the one borne by him has her false curls and shoes, is not quite screamingly funny—how fond our playwrights are of exhibiting pyjamas and false curls! The sentimental scene, in which Angela bids Richard farewell for ever, because she thinks he will not care to marry a woman so reckless of her honour as the heroine of the screen scene, of course ends happily. One is at liberty to suppose that nothing happened behind the screen that could not be referred to on the house-tops, and there are people who believe in the phrase that "to the pure all things are pure," which perhaps is the silliest sentence ever put between inverted commas.

The merit of the piece is that it gives to Miss Marie Tempest a "fat" part in Angela, in which she is fully able to exhibit to the delight of her admirers her gifts for broad farce, and also sentimental comedy, to say nothing of some smart frocks, one of them a remarkably improbable travelling-costume.

"Eager Heart" may not be quite as remarkable a work as "Everyman"; yet the mystery play, which is once more presented in Lincoln's Inn Hall, tells the old tale of the Holy Babe and the shepherds and kings with sufficient sincerity and beauty to make a deep impression on the crowd gathered together in the famous Chancery Inn to listen to it and watch the grave performance by the reverent players dressed in quaint mediæval costumes. A great element in the charming entertainment is the beautiful music, collected by Mrs. Julian Marshall, and excellently rendered.

Last week I should have referred to the revival of Mr. Arthur Law's popular farce, "The New Boy," at the New Theatre—rather an old boy at the New Theatre, for the piece was originally given eleven years ago, and few farces live as much as a decade. It stands the attacks of time very well, yet the author might have revised it a little. Mr. Lion, the new boy, is hardly an actor of such gifts as Mr. Weedon Grossmith, but had his lively moments, and was small enough to get the desired comic effect of contrast with the colossal bulk of Miss Gladys Homfrey, who represented his wife in 1891, and also the other evening, and played very well.

Mr. Otho Stuart's revival of "Barry Doyle's Rest Cure" had to be ignored also. It is revived for a series of matinées at the Court, and its simple humours were greeted with hearty laughter; they were capitally presented by the original cast. The piece is preceded by a quaint little one-act play called "A Domestic Problem," by Mr. Lechmere Warral, showing the device by which three ladies retained in their service the valuable family butler.



"THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY" AS FORBIDDEN FRUIT: PROFESSOR SEELYE AND THE COLLEGE GIRLS BEFORE WHOM HE WOULD NOT ALLOW MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL TO PRODUCE THE PLAY.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell was to have presented "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" in the Assembly Hall attached to Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts; but the President of the College, Professor Seelye, on learning the nature of the play, forbade its production. The photograph shows Professor Seelye and his pupils in the Assembly Hall of Smith College.—[Photograph supplied by H. Shepstone.]

THE CLOWN WHO WILL NEVER REST; AND OTHER PEOPLE OF INTEREST FROM ACROSS THE POND.



1. A MARVEL OF MAKE-UP: MISS GRACE GRISWOLD IN PRIVATE LIFE.

2. A MARVEL OF MAKE-UP: MISS GRACE GRISWOLD AS MRS. EICHORN
IN "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH."3. THE THIEF IN THE AMERICAN PRODUCTION OF "LE VOLEUR":
MISS MARGARET ILLINGTON.

4. A CLOWN WHO HAS SIGNED A CONTRACT FOR LIFE: MARCELINE.

As we note on our "Heard in the Green-Room" page, Miss Grace Griswold is a mistress of make-up. She is also a dramatist, and on the 15th the Playactors will produce a one-act play of hers, entitled "His Japanese Wife." This has been presented about a thousand times in America. Miss Margaret Illington is playing Marise Chelford in "The Thief," in America, and is meeting with considerable success. Marceline, who was for some years one of the chief attractions at the London Hippodrome, has just signed a contract which means that he will never "rest" in the actor's sense of the word. He has bound himself for life to the New York Hippodrome. It may be said, by the way, that both life and contract were almost cut short the other day, when the famous clown, who cannot swim, fell into the Hippodrome tank.

Photograph No. 2 by Marie Leoff; No. 3 by Fowler; No. 4 supplied by H. Shepstone.

SMALL
TALK

LADY MALMESBURY, TO WHOSE BABY SON THE KAISER IS TO STAND GODFATHER.

Photograph by Esme Collings.

promised to be the child's godfather. This brings the name William into a family hitherto limited, as regard its head, to James Edward, varied by Edward James. The prosaic surname, Harris, of Lord Malmesbury is supposed to be a corruption of the French *hérisson*; at any rate, he bears a hedgehog as his crest. The first Earl was Ambassador in Berlin, among other capitals, and his descendant was able to show to the Kaiser a snuff-box presented to his ancestor by Frederick the Great.

A New Baronet. Sir Gawain George Stuart Baillie, who succeeded his father in the baronetcy a month or so ago, will be fifteen next May, and he has a younger brother, Adrian, who is not yet ten. They are manly boys, as might be expected of their good Scottish blood, for they trace their descent from Lord Polkemmet, a learned Lord of Session,

LADY MALMESBURY, who is now rejoicing in the possession of her first baby boy, is the youngest daughter of Lord Calthorpe, the generous Warwickshire peer who has just presented to Birmingham University a recreation ground estimated to be worth £15,000. The new baby, the little Viscount FitzHarris, was proudly exhibited to the German Emperor when his Majesty visited Heron Court the other day, and the Kaiser



A NEW BARONET: SIR GAWAIN GEORGE STUART BAILLIE.

Photograph by Gull.

while the second baronet once sat as Conservative M.P. for Linlithgowshire.

A Little Mistake.

The recent revival of "ragging" at Cambridge may serve as the excuse for recalling an amusing little incident that happened during a corresponding "rag" at Oxford. It was a dark night, and one bright undergraduate spirit, dimly perceiving a gowned figure near him, made haste to warn him of an approaching Proctor. "There's a Proggins coming down the Turl," he observed genially, "so we can cut along Brasenose Lane"; and as he spoke, he happened to touch the other man's gown. Horrors! It was faced with the soft velvet which alone betokens a Proggins. But the Senior Proctor, for it was indeed the great man himself, was a sportsman, and sped his young friend's hasty flight with a great burst of laughter.

Lady Donegall. Lady Donegall is one of the comparatively small group of Colonial peeresses. She was Miss Violet Twining, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, when she married, rather more than five years ago, the stately old Marquess of Donegall, one of the handsomest men of his generation, who used to be known as "Beauty

Chichester." The youthful bride was given away at St. George's, Hanover Square, by Lord

Strathcona, the great Canadian peer. She is tall and slender, with a mass of soft, wavy fair hair. Her husband died some three years ago, leaving her with a little Marquess eight months old.

A Notable Ball. Lady Cheylesmore, who is organising the ball of the Atlantic Union, which is to be attended by Rhodes scholars from Oxford and Colonial undergraduates from Cambridge, is tall, fair, distinguished, and always beautifully dressed. She is, in fact, one of the loveliest of our American peeresses, and her marriage with the popular "whip" was quite a romance. Miss Elizabeth French, of New York, happened to be visiting in the Bermudas when Lord Cheylesmore, then Colonel Herbert Eaton, brought his regiment, the Grenadier Guards, there by way of punishment, for they had been naughty.

Curiously enough, Lord Cheylesmore himself is half American, for his

mother was a native of New Orleans. Lady Cheylesmore has two schoolboy sons. She is a great golfer, and she started a most interesting doll industry in Ireland.

To What Base Uses—

The winter bazaar season is upon us, and ingenious organisers are abroad. He will be a good man who gets an autograph out of the King. He gave one once which was realised upon, but he was not a party to the sale. It was inscribed in the album of a lady whose somewhat unusual political views did not detract from the charms with which nature and good-breeding had endowed her. But originality and unconventionality appear to have been her most pronounced gifts. The King enriched her album with his autograph over a cat set of verses. Immediately afterwards the page was sold at a heavy price to provide funds in aid of a society devoted to the restoration of the Stuarts.



A LADY MOUSE-FARMER: MISS ABBIE LATHROP, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Miss Lathrop runs a mouse-farm at Granby, Massachusetts. Most of her stock is sold to medical colleges.



ONE OF THE FEW COLONIAL PEERESSES
LADY DONEGALL.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



ORGANISER OF THE BALL OF THE ATLANTIC UNION: LADY CHEYLESMORE.

The ball is to be attended by Rhodes scholars from Oxford and Colonial undergraduates from Cambridge.

Photograph by Langfieri, Bond Street.

A BUILDING THAT HAS A GREATER POPULATION THAN MARGATE.

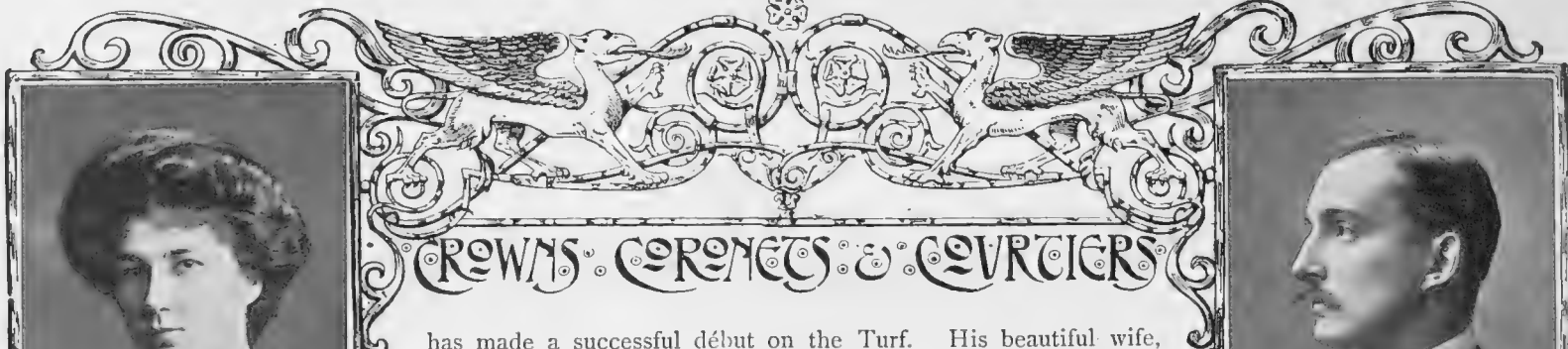
(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



THE LARGEST SINGLE-OFFICE BUILDING IN THE WORLD: A THIRTY-THREE STOREY SKYSCRAPER.

The City Investment Company's building in New York is of remarkable size, and it has been calculated that it and the Singer building together would hold 30,000 people. It is therefore not too much to say that the skyscraper illustrated would accommodate, more or less comfortably, rather more than Margate's normal population. The erection is not yet finished, but when completed it will not only be of record height, but will eclipse all others in the matter of cubic capacity and floor-space.

Reproduced by courtesy of the "Scientific American."



LADY CRICHTON,

Who has just given birth to a son.
Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

LADY CRICHTON'S little son, born the other day, has, of course, received a warm welcome, for this important baby will one day be Earl of Erne and head of his house. Lady Crichton, as the daughter of a Duke—the late Duke of Westminster—is of higher rank than her husband, who is Viscount by courtesy, and, strictly speaking, she ought to be styled Lady Mary Crichton. She herself, however, prefers to be Lady Crichton. Her

has made a successful début on the Turf. His beautiful wife, Lord and Lady Londonderry's daughter, is also devoted to sport, especially hunting, and outdoor pastimes, including golf. They are both in high favour at Court; at their marriage—they were Lord Stavordale and Lady Helen Stewart then—the



LORD ILCHESTER,

ELECTED A MEMBER OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.
Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

mother lives at Holland House, London's most splendid *rus in urbe*.

An American Countess. It is rumoured in Paris that Countess Boni de Castellane is to be married to the Prince de Sagan. The Countess, who was Miss Anna Gould, obtained a divorce from her husband last year. She possessed property bringing in three-and-a-half millions of francs, but Count Boni—



THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND AS A FRENCH ARTIST SEES HER:
 THE PORTRAIT OF HER MAJESTY BY MME. MARIE D'ÉPINAY.

number of royal gifts was extraordinary, and when their son and heir was born the King stood sponsor in person at the Chapel Royal. Lord Ilchester's



THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS' SPANISH
 NURSE.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

marriage to the gallant young Guardsman, who had been through the siege of Ladysmith and been appointed Equerry to the Prince of Wales, was one of the great events of the season of 1903. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were present, and the gifts from the King and Queen and other royal personages were superb. A little daughter, named Mary Kathleen, arrived in 1905, and now the happy parents have a "pigeon pair."

The New Member of the Jockey Club. Lord Ilchester, who has just been elected a member of the Jockey Club, is a keen sportsman. With his friend, the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, he has dealt destruction among big game in India, while at home he



THE COUNTESS BONI DE CASTELLANE (MME. ANNA GOULD),
 WHO, IT IS SAID, IS TO BE MARRIED TO THE PRINCE
 DE SAGAN.

Photograph by Otto.



THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS AND HIS
 ENGLISH NURSE.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

who is, or was, considered absolutely the most elegant and best-dressed man in Paris—had grand ideas, and spent grandly. He once entertained the King of Portugal at an astonishingly sumptuous dinner in the style of Marie Antoinette's at the Trianon, and that was said to have been the last straw in the eyes of the Countess. She is *petite*, and though, perhaps, not strictly beautiful, is most attractive and charming. She possesses a marvellous crown of emeralds and diamonds, once the property of Queen Isabella of Spain. The French Court gave her the custody of her children, three fine sturdy little boys, and also rejected Count Boni's claim for "alimony." He is said to have spent £1,600,000 of the Gould money.

LOVE IN SKELETON AND SUBSTANCE.



THE BONE AND THE BODY OF A STATUE: "LOVE-MAKING" IN ITS FIRST AND LAST STAGES.

The building of the framework of a statue is an affair that calls for very considerable skill, and is a very essential part of the sculptor's knowledge.
The group illustrated is by the late Professor Christian Roth.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The New Othello.

It will be interesting to those accustomed to "The Ring" in the original to note, when witnessing the performances in English, what, if any, alterations the exigencies of translation involve. When the case has been the other way about, and an English work has been staged at a foreign theatre, the results have at times been quaint. Thus, when Rossini's "Othello" was performed in Italy the highly æsthetic hero of the opera declined, for artistic reasons, to masquerade with face blacked. A very bleached-looking Moor was the leading figure in the opera, according to Italian ideas. Still more curious was the result when the opera found its way to France. The tenor decided that the final duet with Desdemona was unsuited to his voice, so he calmly substituted the soft and tender duet, "Amor, possente nume," from the same composer's "Armida." Murder could not adequately be done to such a melody, so the

ask him if I am in any immediate danger here?" The message was delivered, and the answer returned that there was no immediate danger. "Good!" said the Colonel; "then I should like some more kidneys and a couple of poached eggs."

The "Dead" as Witness.

In spite of all that the papers of both political parties tell us to the contrary, it is quite erroneous to suppose that an Irish jury never yet found a prisoner guilty of an offence against the laws of the land. One jury did convict, and their victim was defended by Daniel O'Connell, of all men in the world. It was a murder charge, and O'Connell nearly frightened to death the friends of the prisoner when he declined to cross-examine the witnesses for the prosecution, who told, as clearly as men could, how the dreadful deed was done. All that he did, when the case for the prosecution



AN AWKWARD PARTNER FOR A BARN DANCE: THE MOORISH DANCER SALUMIT RAHU, WHO IS NOW PERFORMING IN BERLIN.

ready tenor sheathed his dagger, took Desdemona politely by the hand, and retired bowing with her, and all was well with the world.

The Gilded Clue.

"How about lions?" some of his hearers will be disposed to ask Mr. R. Gilbert when he lectures to-morrow before the Society of Arts on the Big Game of India. Our old friend the king of beasts is hardly to be included to-day in the family of which this discourse treats. Lions in India have become so scarce that they are preserved, and with tender care, watched over as are the birds of a game preserve in England. Not everybody knows this. Certainly a distinguished Prince did not know it when, a few years ago, he mentioned to his host, a famous Indian rajah, that he would like to have a shot at a lion before quitting the country. No Indian rajah would disappoint his guest, this rajah least of all. The royal visitor had his sport next day, and duly bagged a lion. His satisfaction is said to have been considerably diminished, however, when he found that the claws of his quarry had all been gilded in his honour.

Under Fire.

The man who, while the fire at Gamage's was still raging the other day, wired offering to refit the establishment deserves to get the order which he solicited. His coolness is matched only by the seasoned Colonel of whom the London Fire Brigade had experience when Commander Wells was in charge. He was at breakfast with a friend in his flat at Hyde Park Court, when fire broke out. Shouts of people outside, the shrieks of the fire-engine, the smell of smoke did not in the least disturb the gallant Colonel. Summoning his man, he said: "Present my compliments to Commander Wells, and

closed, was to call—the murdered man. And that obliging person stepped nimbly into the box and satisfactorily established the fact of his being still alive. But the jury found the prisoner guilty. "Guilty?" said his Lordship. "Guilty of what?" "Guilty of shtearlin' my ould mare," answered the foreman of the jury.

Instinct.

To-night we have the annual dinner in aid of the Royal Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. What do the beneficiaries think of such a function? one wonders. Queer thoughts reside in the heads of these poor little people whose ears no sound can penetrate. The uneducated deaf and dumb child must have the instincts of the savage. One who afterwards mastered the art of writing has told us how the sense of right and wrong first dawned upon him. He was wont to help himself to anything upon which he could lay hands, without realising that he was doing anything at all improper. One day he made himself master of a coin, which he afterwards tendered in payment for sweets. He got the sweets and change for a sovereign, and somehow it flashed upon his unenlightened mind that he was getting too much of something for nothing; and he rushed away and hid. Long after Helen Keller had been receiving instruction to redeem her from the bondage of the lot of the deaf and dumb and blind, she cherished weird notions as to the general scheme of things. She knew that her father was in the habit of shooting birds and deer, and that a feast, in which she shared, was the result. So when they told her that her grandfather was dead, she asked, "Did father shoot him?" And without waiting for information she gleefully added, "I will eat grandfather for dinner!" which is just what the unclothed protégés of the late Dr. Paton would gladly have done.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND."



III.—ALICE'S FIRST MEETING WITH TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

DRAWN BY G. VERNON STOKES.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



NO visitor to the Adelphi would imagine that the elderly, sour-faced Mrs. Eichorn is in private life a charming and more than ordinarily well-favoured lady. Such is, however, the truth. Miss Grace Griswold's ability in the art of make-up is responsible for the fact that she has for some time past been playing "character" parts. Some time ago, when she was preparing for the part of the Crusty Dame in "The Vanderbilt Cup," just before her engagement with "Mrs. Wiggs," she was living in a family hotel in New York, where a certain young physician was a frequent caller on a friend of hers. Discussing the art of make-up, he declared he would know Miss Griswold in any disguise, and a wager for a five-pound box of sweets to that effect was offered and taken. The next evening, when the doctor was calling, as usual, on her friend, Miss Griswold put on her Crusty Dame make-up and costume and had herself announced as Miss O'Brien, from Ninth Avenue. She asked for the doctor, and when he appeared, told him her horse was suffering

Have you ever, "friend the reader" (with apologies to my colleague "Chicot" for poaching on his preserves) gone out in a large city without knowing your address? If you have not you will scarcely be able to appreciate the predicament in which Miss Hilda Antony recently found herself. She was playing Carlotta, the leading part in "The Morals of Marcus," in the provinces. In due course the company arrived in Manchester. Miss Antony always shared rooms with two of the other ladies, who busied themselves with making the arrangements for them. They arrived late one Sunday evening, and drove in a cab to their apartments. Next morning Miss Antony went out for a walk alone, without having taken the address. She walked on for some time, until she began to get tired and hungry. She looked at her watch, and saw that she ought to be getting back for lunch. At that psychological moment she saw a tram approaching. She hailed it and got on to it. It was not until the conductor asked her where she was going that she realised that she did not know her address. She paid



MISS DOROTHY GREEN.

THE YOUNG ACTRESS WHO IS PLAYING LEADING PARTS

WITH MR. H. B. IRVING.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

MISS AIMÉE DE BURGH.

THE MRS. O'CONNELL OF THE STAGE SOCIETY'S PRODUCTION OF "WASTE," AT THE IMPERIAL.

MR. ARNOLD DALY.

THE ACTOR-MANAGER WHO WAS ARRESTED FOR PRESENTING

"MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION."

Photograph by Davis and Eickemeyer.

Miss Dorothy Green was engaged by Mr. H. B. Irving to play leading parts on his present tour during the absence of Miss Dorothea Baird. Our photograph shows her as Marie in "Louis XI." Miss Aimée de Burgh gave an exceptionally good performance in "Waste," Mr. Granville Barker's censored play. Mr. Arnold Daly, the well-known American actor-manager, is regarded by many as the legitimate successor of the late Richard Mansfield. He it was who first introduced Bernard Shaw's plays to American audiences, and was arrested for presenting "Mrs. Warren's Profession." He is now manager of the Berkeley Theatre, and is giving a triple bill.

from the bots. The doctor was indignant, and informed her that he was not a veterinary surgeon. "I know that, doctor," sobbed the supposed Irishwoman. "Is it me that would be insulting you in the presence of yer lady friend? But Father Hennessey said you had a kind heart. Poor Maria! poor Maria!" she wailed, with a crescendo of passionate grief. "If you do not give me a prescription for Maria, you will never be blessed as long as you live."

The doctor scribbled a few hieroglyphs on his prescription-pad, tore off the sheet, and, handing it to the woman, told her to mix the ingredients with a pailful of bran-mash, and to feed it to Maria with a teaspoon. Bidding her hurry in order that it might not be too late, he returned to the young lady, whose listening ear had caught the name of Maria. Miss Griswold, having divested herself of the Crusty Dame disguise, went to call on her friend—none too soon to save an embarrassing situation for the doctor, concerning the fictitious Maria, by producing a prescription written in his own hand, for certain innocuous drugs to be mixed with a bran-mash. He was only too glad to pay the price of his peace and his wager, and presumably he does not now venture to suggest that he will know accomplished mistresses of the difficult art of make-up in any disguise they may choose to assume.

for a certain distance, and then got out and began wandering about in the hope of seeing the street, the appearance of which she vaguely remembered. There was no policeman to be seen, so at last, in sheer despair, the young actress went up to a passing man and asked him his advice. At first the only thing she could remember was that the house was a corner one, and that its number was "2." Then, by a happy chance, she recalled that it was kept by a Turk and his wife, and that his height was about six-feet-six. Happily, the Turk's abnormal height made him a well-known personage, and the man was able to direct her to her own lodging, whither she arrived very tired, and two hours late for lunch.

Her return to the Haymarket as the heroine of "The Education of Elizabeth" is a decided feather in Miss Antony's cap, for it is only two or three seasons ago that she was playing small parts in "The Privy Council" and "The Indecision of Mr. Kingsbury." She had, indeed, no idea of the likelihood of her present engagement until it was offered to her at Oxford. After the curtain had finally fallen one night on "The Morals of Marcus" a message was taken to her asking her if she could see Mr. Frederick Harrison. He had, without her knowledge, gone down on purpose to see her, and his opinion of her performance was shown by the fact that he immediately offered her the engagement.

ANOTHER HOLY WAR!



BACHELOR (*of economical habits, to the provision dealer*): Will you send round a pound of Gruyère, please. And look here—no holes, mind! In the last you sold me there was at least half a pound of holes.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. RICHARD WHITEING, who learnt the necessity of nocturnal wakefulness during years of nights spent in the leader-writer's chair at the *Daily News* office, has cast himself for the part of dreamer! And although we know his usual mood to be as little sleepy as that of another sort of Regent's Park lion ten minutes before mealtime, we are persuaded by the first few chapters of his "All Moonshine" that he is a most plausible actor. Assuming that the narrator of his fantasia is himself, we learn that, in a Ventnor bed, in a Ventnor hotel, he was struggling for sleep against the horrors of wakefulness. Wakefulness was especially horrible that night, because the newspapers (Mr. Whiteing should have known how to pay less heed to them) had persuaded him that our earth was overpopulated; that the most industrious wars would fail to keep within bounds the plague of the peoples; that the world's food and lodging could not meet the demand of an ever-increasing multitude; that "the London policeman's 'Move on' had become man's greeting to his neighbours all over the globe."

But with the first stroke of twelve upon the Ventnor clock, garrulous on the staircase of the Ventnor hotel, the narrator fell into the sleep that has resulted in "All Moonshine." Having, in his dream, risen from his bed, he was aware of a strange commotion out upon the lawn. It was the commotion of people. The whole island, he discovered, was covered with the congregations of the nations. Upon the Isle of Wight, on all but the largest maps a mere pin-point, "a sort of grain of the dust of settlement," the world's millions—every one of them—were gathered together, and finding room enough, shoulder to shoulder, to be comfortable and to spare. In a dream-book it is difficult for the reader to be quite sure of his footing: he has always a disconcerting notion that he is being "had"; but I venture, in a tentative way, to conclude that Mr. Whiteing means me to believe that it would be possible for the world's population to stand thus, shoulder to shoulder, and be fairly comfortable, on our own little Island of Wight. It is on this understanding that the dream is found interesting.

The narrator learns from a handsome young woman, native of another and an alien isle, that the multitudes before him are not the "principals," but the "astral bodies" of the peoples. This complicates the dream; but it is a sound device, smacking of Mr. Whiteing's wakefulness, for it enables the action of the story to pass from the Isle of Wight, with its tremendous cargo, to the earth at large. With his young and female "astral," our narrator makes review of the whole world, and comes to the conclusion, both in the Ventnor bed and at the Ventnor breakfast-table the next

morning, that, "as the flies on the dome of St. Paul's, so is man on his globe." And with man, and man's panic of man, the dreamer, awakened, is doubly impatient—

To heighten the absurdity of his proceedings, see him turning to rend his mate for a place in the sun. This dot of the Wight as the tiny sheepfold, and all the broad planet for the mighty pasturage, and still not enough to fatten your flock! What have the shepherds been about?

And so ends a sermon, tract, fantasia, a dream, and a morality, all bound in the traditional red of a six-shilling novel, and printed on pages among which there cannot be found the dull one which we know, from the reviews, never exists between the covers of a

good novel. "All Moonshine" is not a novel, of course, but it is amusing to think that many novel-readers will be beguiled into its perusal; and pleasant, besides, to know how much the better they will be for it.

While Miss Elizabeth Robins's "The Convert" will carry its convictions—the convictions of a very clever woman—into many a household fed and overfed upon the ordinary, common, unrebelling heroines of fiction, other suffragettes besides Miss Robins are at work—a working! A clever hand has invented a card game, and its cards insinuate the most unanswerable arguments favouring woman's cause into the innocent precincts of the whist-table.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan has left Brighton and gone to live at Hastings. So I read in the *Athenæum*, and the announcement sets me thinking of the relative literary associations of the two sea-towns. Brighton, though bereft of Mr. Kernahan, has an easy advantage. Thither Mrs. Thrale fetched Dr. Johnson. There, too, she engaged Piozzi to give lessons to her daughters, though she first met him elsewhere—at Dr. Burney's, and there mimicked and mocked him behind his back as he played on the piano, just as Disraeli rallied at a first encounter the garrulous "flirt," Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, who

later became his wife. Disraeli himself recovered from a long illness in Brighton; and his great, almost his only antipathy, Thackeray, loved the place. Cardinal Newman lived in Brighton with his mother, and wrote some of his hymns near to where Rudyard Kipling writes hymns, too, of the "Lest we forget" line. Princes of journalism have lived on the Brighton sea-front—Edmund Yates one of them; and Mr. E. V. Lucas, among living writers, first learned at Brighton to be bright on nearly everything.

At Hastings Mr. Kernahan will, of course, peer through the gates of the Manor House, where Coventry Patmore lived for years, but where, as it happened, hardly a line of his poetry was written. And I can just remember a glimpse of George Eliot at Hastings, but among the visitors only.

M. E.

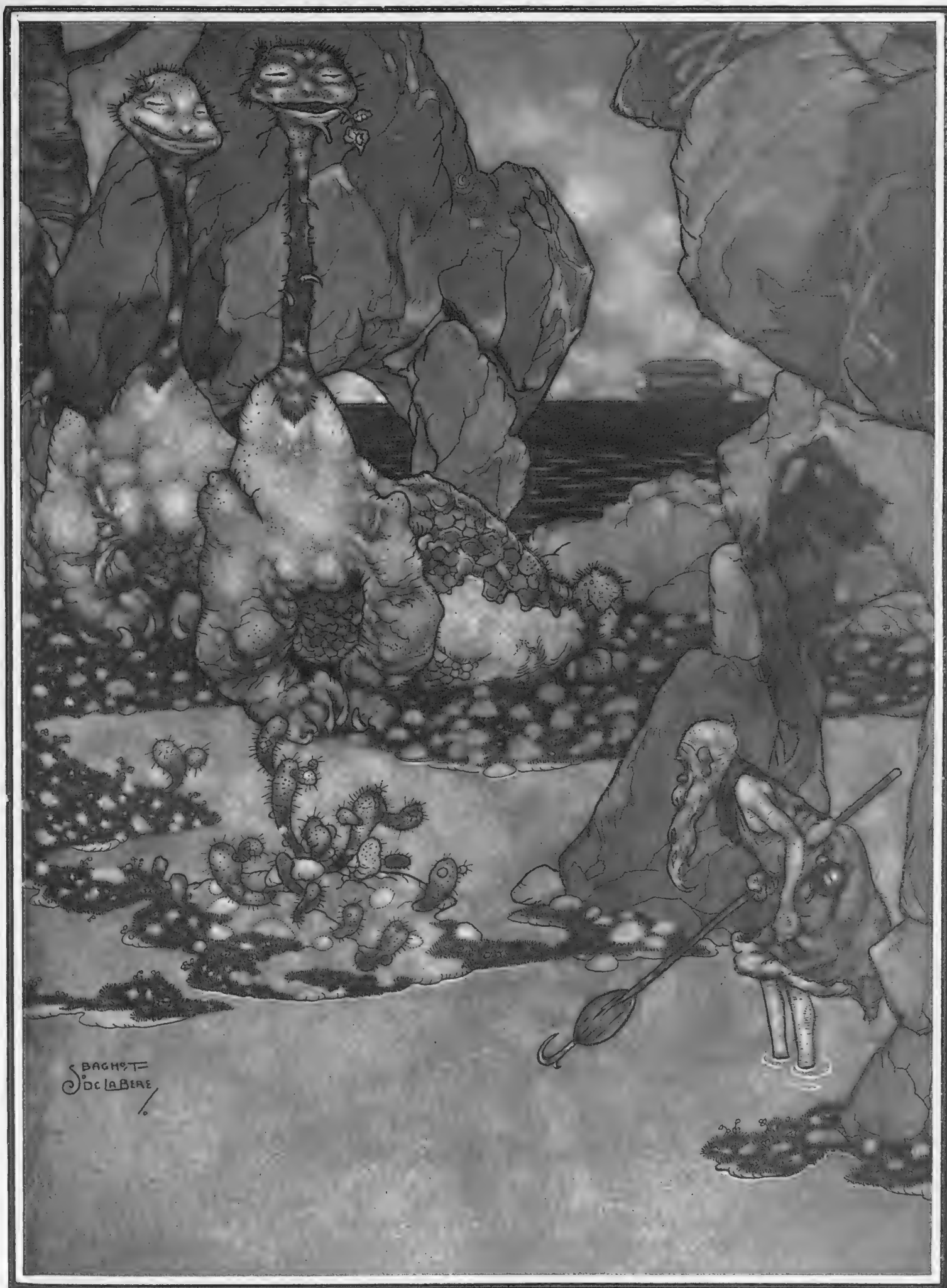


A NURSERY PROBLEM.

(DRAWN BY MALCOLM PATTERSON.)

"I say, Mummy, can you say the alphabet?"
 "Yes, dear, of course I can."
 "Can you say it backwards? Daddy can."
 "No, dear; I'm afraid I can't do that."
 "Well, perhaps you can say it sideways?"

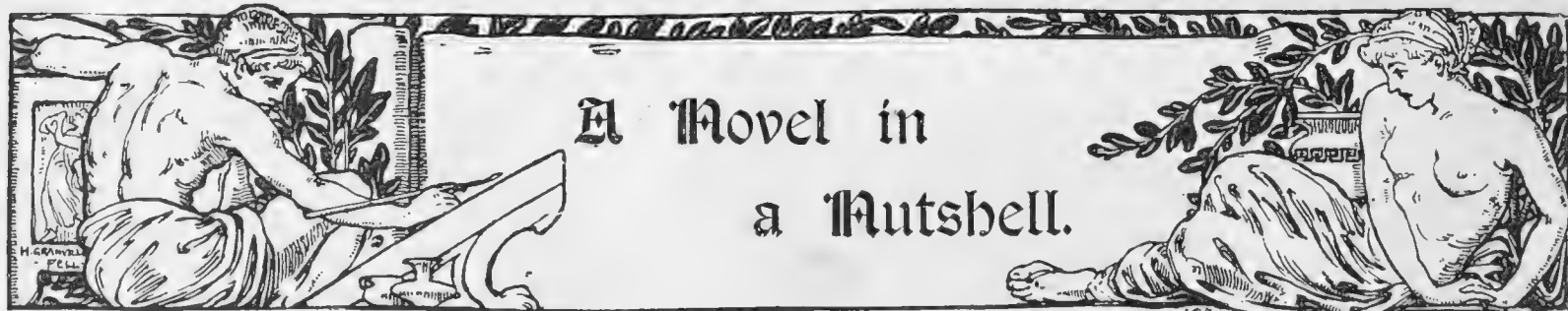
WHY THE PTERODACTYDINOSAURUS IS EXTINCT.



IN THE DAYS OF THE FLOOD.

SHEM, SON OF NOAH (to newly engaged couple): Oh, please, you two, father says if you're not alongside when the whistle blows he's going to cast off without you.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE



A Novel in a Nutshell.

FROM THE ISLANDS.

BY G. B. LANCASTER.

THE six men in the ward-room were waiting. The tense silence told it, the nervous flip of a book-leaf, the stealthy, sidelong blink to the door.

Outside, the water talked against the keel, crashing loud, or dying in the murmurs as the vessel heeled. From the deck rang a volley of laughter that rocketed forwards to the men's quarters. Wallace fidgeted his canvas shoes on the carpet, and giggled uncertainly at nothing. Then the Doctor opened the door, shifting his keen glance round the room.

"The Boy on deck?" he asked.

"Yes," said Archer curtly. "Don't you hear him playing the fool?"

"Ah!" said the Doctor; and the men looked up suspiciously at the grate in the voice. But no one spoke.

The Doctor crossed the room, and dropped on the sofa that ran the length of the wall under the port-holes. One flash of palms on a reef near the horizon showed as the boat lifted. Then the vagrant colouring of a South Sea sunset held space for its own. Surrey swung round from the table.

"Well," he said impatiently, "did you try it? Did you test it?"

"Yes. But I told you that it was not necessary. I . . . told you that I knew before."

A silence. Then someone spoke from a corner where the shadows were dusky.

"That means——"

"It means death. Yes."

The rush of quick, light feet sounded overhead, where the Boy and the second lieutenant were practising cake-walks. Archer's hand shut on the page of his book—shut tightly, and more tightly, until the leaf ripped out under the grip.

"Of course—without proper test things, you know—a fellow can't be certain, you know. Probably——"

"I can be certain. I've seen too much of that sort of thing down in the Islands, Archer. I knew the spear had been tipped with diseased human bone before I got the splinter out of the wound. Because all Solomon Islanders use human bone. And I knew that the poison on it would be poison taken from a putrid human body—because the Solomon Islanders use that sort. There's enough in that tiny splinter to kill a score of men yet."

"But the Boy feels no ill-effects. He felt none at the time. It is nonsense, Murray—nonsense. Four days ago—isn't it four?"

"Three, Sir." Creed turned to the Captain. "We were not quite two days bringing the cutter down from Bogutu."

"Well, well; three. That's long enough, surely. Murray, that's long enough?"

"I have known tetanus take five days to develop, Sir, even in this climate. And ten to kill."

The Chief Engineer was spoiling his best pen on the blotting-pad.

"He deserves it for nosing round their villages that way," he said sharply. "Cheeky young devil he always is! Not his fault we're not all in the soup."

"Who will tell him?" asked Archer slowly.

Ches Barrett jumped up with a half-bitten oath.

"Oh, it's rot! I tell you it's rot! Hear him fooling up there with May, and you—you say he's as good as dead now. It can't be. When we reach Sydney——"

"The Boy will never reach Sydney," said Murray.

Ches stared at nothing through the port-hole, and the apple of his throat burnt. He was third engineer these days; and the Boy had been school-chum of his before the sea took them and made of them men to serve her.

"It's—a hard death, isn't it?" asked Archer.

"Yes."

The Captain's chair creaked.

"That is unnecessary. You can—surely you can prevent that! Good heavens, man! any doctor who knows his business can—can do something——"

"If I had sufficient chloroform," said Murray steadily, "I would use my own discretion, and men might call it murder if they would——"

The Chief laughed impatiently.

"The Boy wouldn't say 'Thank you' for that! Do you think he won't stand up to it like a good one—cheeky young devil! Member that row on the China Coast last year? The Boy doesn't leave heel-taps when he's after drinks."

"The Boy will stand up to it—better than we will," said Murray; and this time his voice was not quite even.

"Who will tell him?" asked Archer again.

The Captain turned with his hand on the door.

"No one will tell him," he said—"no one. It gives sufficient warning for anyone so clean-lived as the Boy. Let him have his fun——"

He went up to the bridge, hearing the Boy dive down the companion behind him, casting ribald scorn at May.

The Boy burst into the ward-room, dropped into the first chair, and panted, using the fronts of his white coat punkah fashion. Quite truly he was a cheeky young devil. Men saw it in the swing of his long, lithe limbs and the set of his small head; and in the impudent determination that drove him through dangers that a saner man would burke.

"I've cake-walked till I'm sick," he said. "May's a—a Chinese junk at it. Come here, Poddy, an' tell 'em what a fool you are. Oh, Lord, it's hot!"

The strong, vivid life of him struck on the silent room with a sharpness that made men catch their breath. For in such a very little while——

"What—what are you still fooling over that game for?" asked Archer, because it was necessary that someone should speak.

"Got to," yawned the Boy, stretching his arm. "Eight days—we'll touch Sydney in eight, won't we, Creed? Well, there you are. The Amateurs give their kick-up the Friday after. Marshall had some sense to put Poddy in the curtain-raiser only. If he can't dance a cake-walk it's quite certain that he couldn't fight a duel. Poddy, why did you let yourself get born an elephant?"

"Are—you in the curtain-raiser?" Wallace's hysterical giggle found echo in Creed's throat also.

The Boy rolled along the lounge, and annexed May by the leg.

"I am not. D'you think I'd dance with that thing waggin' beside me? I wouldn't be seen at the turns. Now, look here. I'm to have a wig an' knee-breeches, an' a sword—that's all right. But how the deuce does a fellow fence in ruffles and laces and fooleries? Did they take off their coats and roll up their sleeves in the sixteenth century?"

"Of course," said the Chief, because it did not matter what he said.

"Good-o!" The Boy sprang up. "I can make that duelling business rather corky, I think. Come along out of that, Ches, and we'll have a go at it. Creed, d'you remember the wrinkles we got from that old joss in Canton? I'll make Martin sit up! He's my villain, you know. I've got to bash him. Ches . . . if I have to come for you . . ."

"Don't—don't you think you'd better rest a bit, old chap?"

"Rest! What for? To get as fat as Poddy? No, you don't, you lazy old beggar. Plenty of time to rest when you're dead. Come on."

They looked at the Boy where he swayed to the vessel-swing and grinned at them. Then Archer got up and went out, feeling his way down the passage because his eyes were blinded for the time.

"We haven't got walking-sticks," said the Boy, frowning, "or even umbrellas. Oh, by Jingo——!"

[Continued overleaf.]

BY OUR PATRIE-OTIC ARTIST.



THE CHARIOT OF FIRE.

DRAWN BY G. E. SUDDY.

There was no reverence in the Boy, or he would not have jerked a couple of straight Chinese swords from their slings on the wall without apology or hesitation. For the Chief had captured those swords in red fight.

"Drop those, you brat!" said the Chief, rising. "D' you want to get pinked? They aren't foils with buttons, you'll remember."

The Boy thrust a shaped bronze hilt into his palm.

"I wouldn't give it to Ches. But you know a little about this sort of thing, don't you?"

Incidentally, the Chief knew nearly as much about sword-play as he did about engineering.

"You cheeky young devil!" he said. "If you're looking for trouble——"

His voice broke off as the Boy stripped away coat and collar and stood up to him slimly, feeling for the balance of the weapon.

"I say, kid, better not. It—it might irritate that scratch of yours, you know."

The Boy slid his hand inside his loose shirt, and pulled at a bandage under the left armpit.

"Murray trussed me up a bit tight. Oh, it's all right, thanks. More likely to irritate you. Will you shut up, Ches? I tell you the thing is healed—practically. Isn't it, Murray?"

"You look out that the Chief doesn't put another scratch alongside it," said Murray.

The Chief's glance crossed his at that moment, with the Boy's laughing face in between. And to Murray it was as though someone had shouted his own words at him: "I would use my own discretion, and men might call it murder if they would."

He half-rose, then sat back in the corner.

"Get down to it, you two fire-eaters," he said.

"Wade-in, then," cried the Boy gleefully. "I'll skip my speech, and come to where I slap your cheek because you won't fight. Then you go for me on the hop. 'Oh, good enough——'"

The Boy was quick and clever, and he had all the grace of easy movement. But the Chief had held his life with his sword many times. Five watched only the Boy, with his quick-breathing young strength and his unclouded eyes. But Murray watched the Chief.

Back; feint and counter; a swift step to the side; the clang of steel once and again. The Boy's wrist-play was pretty; but the science of the elder man overmastered each trick and each daring attempt. Murray drew in his lips as he looked.

The Boy's sword jerked upwards, spun across the table, and ripped a hole in the seat of Creed's chair. It missed Creed by the eighth of a second as he fell out backwards over the arm. The Chief lowered his point.

"I never did that," he said.

"No." The Boy was staring. "I'm blest! It was a—a sort of contraction of the muscles in some way. I say, Creed, old man, I'm awfully sorry. I—I couldn't help it. By Jove, though! I thought there was a streak of red-hot lightning up my arm!"

Ches sprang up with his hands out. In some way he strangled a cry. Then the five looked at Murray, and knew. It had come. Under Wallace the solid chair and the boat-bottom seemed to be sinking—crumbling out. Beyond the Boy's white, upright

figure he saw Murray fold his arms and lean back, crossing one foot over his knee. And this was a silent sign to the watchers that there was no help for the Boy on earth.

The Chief reached for the sword and gave it back.

"Come along, youngster," he said. "You're not pumped yet. Try the lunging tack a bit more. It's uncommonly effective on the stage."

"Oh, I like that," said the Boy, recovering. "Give you the chance to get in under my guard, eh? All right! Off you go. Ah-h!"

The whole room saw the quick convulsion this time. But the Boy stepped back as Murray came to his feet.

"That's the way it begins, isn't it?" he said. "Supposing that spear had been poisoned!"

"Way what begins? Can't you talk plain sense?"

"Tetanus," said the Boy.

He flung the word out roundly, and the Chief muttered, "Cheeky young devil!" under his moustache.

To Murray's taught eye the stiffness was already setting about the soft jaw and neck-muscles.

"Did you never hear of hiccough of the nerves, you young ass? You overdid it a bit in that foolery on deck; that's all. If you've had enough——"

The Chief spoke lightly. But Murray went away from his words, and turned his face to the warm scented air blowing past the port-hole.

"Oh, my God!" he said in his heart. "Oh, my God!"

"Of course he hasn't had enough," said the Chief. "You've got to finish me off yet, kid, haven't you? Well, hurry up! I'm on duty directly."

The Boy shook himself, and laughed.

"It was hauling Poddy round, then, I suppose. I'll take it out of you to-night, Poddy. Well . . . Dull hound—that's the way I've got to talk, you know—Dull hound, die!"

The light was fading in the ward-room. Reflection struck back from the curled waves upon the Boy's alert face and the Chief's half-closed eyes and high, drawn cheek-bones. The babble of little ripples sounded through the port-hole, and the jarring of steel sounded in the dusky room. Five men there were thinking of what

the morrows must bring the Boy. Under breath Ches said over and many times over—

"Couldn't it have been something easier? Oh, couldn't it have been something easier—for him?"

On deck, Archer was watching the track of gold that quivered to the rim of heaven, and dumb prayer was on his mouth. He had seen men die under tetanus before this day. And still Murray stared out over sea, hearing the jar of steel behind him.

"Getting done?" said the Boy cheekily. "That was an awfully—ah!"

It was no more than a sigh; for the Chief was a very clever swordsman, and he had been looking for the opening for so long. Ches caught the Boy as he pitched forward, and Murray's hands fumbled in hot blood where they tore the shirt open.

The Boy's head was on the Chief's knee, and Murray looked into the stern face above the young one for one instant. And the flood of pity in his heart was not for the Boy.

Then he stooped lower.

"It's all right, now, dear old chap," he said tenderly.

But the Boy had found that out for himself.

THE END.





WORLD'S WHISPERS.

RARELY does a Franco-American alliance rouse so much interest in England as has the engagement of Miss Theodora Shonts to the Duc de Chaulnes. Mrs. Shonts and her very pretty daughters made a brilliant debut in London society some two years ago, and both girls, who were in an educational sense "finished" in Paris, were regarded as being exceptionally clever and talented, while the future French Duchess has a very remarkable voice. Miss Shonts is, of course, the daughter and namesake of the great railwayking, Mr. Theodore Shonts, and the marriage will take place in New York. The Duc de Chaulnes is the head of one of the oldest of French families, and his sister is the young Duchesse d'Uzès, daughter-in-law of the remarkable French sportswoman who is descended on one side of her house from Veuve Clicquot, of champagne fame. The ducal courtship has been long and romantic, for American millionaires are rather "off" European noblemen as sons-in-law; but the Duke fell in love with Miss Shonts at first sight, and at last his persistency has won him a beautiful as well as a wealthy bride.



AN AMERICAN WHO IS TO MARRY A DUKE: MISS THEODORA SHONTS, WHO IS ENGAGED TO THE DUC DE CHAULNES.

Photograph by Langlier, Bond Street.

distinction, though lovers of poetry have long recognised in her work very remarkable qualities of inspiration and sincerity. She was Miss Olive Eleanor Custance, daughter of Colonel F. H. Custance, C.B., and her mother was one of the Hylton Jolliffes, a first cousin of the present Lord Hylton. A few years ago she married Lord Queensberry's brother, Lord Alfred Douglas, who has latterly rejuvenated the Academy, in which much of her verse now appears, and they have one son, Raymond Wilfrid Sholto by name, who is now five.

His Excellency's It is just possible that Sir Gerard Lowther, while negotiating the release of Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, may be able to lead the way to a little business on his

own behalf. Perhaps Raisuli's men were not to blame, very likely they were; but somebody, black as Othello, is to this day walking about Morocco bedecked with the jewels of the Ambassador and Ambassadors. Burglaries are frequently characterised by great assurance, but this one was the cheekiest thing in the world. There were the representatives of the Powers interested, assembled in solemn confabulation at Casa Blanca as to the future of the land; and while these men of light and leading were thus musing, a pack of black rascals popped into the British Legation

and performed a rapid spring cleaning. All the jewels and all the money belonging to Sir Gerard and Lady Lowther that the villains could find the rascals bagged; then returned as they came, with the politest salute to the guards surrounding the Legation. Sir Gerard would be prepared to pay full value for the return of those treasures. His negotiations with Raisuli might open the way.

Amy, Lady Coleridge. It seems so absurd to use the word "dowager," or anything implying it, of Amy, Lady Coleridge, that she is sometimes called Lady Coleridge tout court, though, of course, that

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WIFE OF "SILVER-TONGUED COLERIDGE": AMY, LADY COLERIDGE, WIDOW OF THE LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Photograph by Bassano.

is wrong, for her stepson, the present Peer, is married. Miss Amy Augusta Jackson Lawford, daughter of Mr. Henry Baring Lawford, of the Bengal Civil Service, was a great beauty when she married the famous Lord Chief Justice Coleridge—"silver-tongued Coleridge," as he was generally called when at the Bar—and to see her now makes it difficult indeed to believe that her bridal took place more than twenty years ago, and that she has been widowed more than ten years. Her ladyship has retained an astonishing look of youth, and her vivacity and social charm are well known in Society. Naturally, she was much gratified by the recent appointment of the present Lord Coleridge to a judgeship of the High Court.



WIFE OF THE REJUVENATOR OF "THE ACADEMY": LADY ALFRED DOUGLAS, WITH HER SON.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

KEY-NOTES

WE can hardly look for two remarkable musical discoveries in a month, and it may be said that the interest in the new Mozart Concerto will not be challenged seriously by the dances, alleged to have been written by Beethoven, which were presented to London last week by Mr. Henry Wood at the Queen's Hall. Certain critics are of opinion that the credit of the compositions lies between Weber and Beethoven; but those who care most for the greater master's fame will be very pleased to surrender the discovery to the composer of "Oberon." Not even the Queen's Hall Orchestra, for all the finish and delicacy of its playing, can make trifles other than trifles, and these dances would be of little value to any composer's reputation, for they are quite commonplace. A special feature of the last Queen's Hall Concert was, of course, the playing of Ysaÿe. He played three concerti with a breadth of tone, a depth of sincerity, and as fine an instinct for the most subtle moods of Beethoven and Mozart as it is possible to imagine. His third concerto was by a living composer, Mr. Emanuel Moor, whose work has undeniable freshness, vivacity, and charm, associated with a marked poetic instinct. Many people declare that Ysaÿe is the greatest of all living violinists; certainly in matters of technique he is second to none. His reverent handling of great masterpieces is that of the musician who stands on the highest plane; but he must indeed be an expert who could say that Ysaÿe at his best is demonstrably better than players like Kreisler and Elman at their best. These two may have limitations to which the elder master is a stranger, but the point that enthusiasts are apt to forget is that when a great violinist comes to the concert platform he is not making experiments. He is presenting works over which he has obtained absolute mastery; the handling and phrasing of passages that pass the majority of us by have been the subject of his most ceaseless labour and most conscientious thought. Comparisons would only be reasonable and proper if we could hear half-a-dozen of the world's leading soloists play in turn a newly discovered masterpiece. The paths of the great concerti have been traversed a thousand times, and if a player can express all that we can imagine, and perhaps a little more, he has passed beyond the reach of our criticism. It suffices, then, to record with pleasure and gratitude the return of M. Ysaÿe to the city to which he has been a stranger too long.

Mr. Lamond, who gave a recital at the Bechstein Hall last week, is one of the most serious of our pianists. Like Ysaÿe, he

is more at home on the Continent than in London, perhaps because he condescends to very few of the devices that make for popularity; his readings are never obvious, never showy, never insincere. In fact, it has often been urged against him that he uses his intellect too much, that his playing has more qualities of brain than of heart, and that he is apt to forget that the appeal of the music should be divided fairly equally between the intellect and the emotions. This may be so, but we have enough and to spare of the soloists who appeal to the emotions and allow the intellect nothing better than a second place. Mr. Lamond, who is an organist and violinist as well as a pianist, studied in Frankfurt under Max Schwarz, Von Bülow, and Liszt, and his reputation as a solo pianist is more than twenty years old, though on his rare visits to London many people hear him for the first time. Beethoven is the master Lamond delights to honour; he has done almost as much with him as Pachmann has done with Chopin.



A ROYAL MUSICIAN WHO HAS PLAYED IN A THEATRE ORCHESTRA: PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND OF BAVARIA.

Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria, an uncle of the King of Spain, is a most accomplished violinist. According to a Munich newspaper, he went to hear one of Wagner's operas at the Prince Regent Theatre the other night, and learning that a member of the orchestra was ill, volunteered his services, and for the evening, unknown to the audience, successfully filled the place of the absent musician.

soprano voice. The extraordinary part of Tetrassini's voice lies in a quality that is essentially its own. When Patti rose to her

highest notes her voice was small, clear, and bell-like, but Tetrassini's voice seems to expand as it rises, and her very highest notes have no small part of the quality one associates with a pure dramatic soprano. But we venture to think that a part of her success in opera is founded upon the fact that she is an artist and not merely a voice. Even on the concert platform her dramatic intelligence is on a par with her vocal gifts, and she must have studied deportment and gesture under a competent

master, because her every movement is eloquent. Each action has the spontaneity that can only result from profound study, and to those of us who suffer from the barren gesture and stilted walk that seem to serve for nine operatic artists out of ten, the change is wholly delightful and exhilarating.

COMMON CHORD.



Nelson.

"LO, THE POOR INDIAN" AS MUSICIAN: A BAND (BRASS) OF INDIANS, AND A COLOURED NELSON.

Our photograph shows Nelson's Cornet Band, of Port Simpson, British Columbia. Nelson himself, who is a full-blooded Siwash, is seen in front of his band, which he trained and conducts himself.—[Photograph by Halfpence, Ltd.]



THE CONTINENTAL ROAD-SAVING NON-SKID—THE NECESSARY CHARACTERISTICS OF DASH-BOARD WIND-SCREENS—THE R.A.C. AND M.U.

RIFT: THE CLUB MEMBERS NOT CONSULTED—VALUABLE ADVICE OF A HORSE-MASTER—IMPROVEMENTS IN IGNITION.

I GREATLY fear that it is impossible to acquit the steel-studded, non-skidding cover of the pneumatic tyre of the charge of doing damage to road-surfaces, particularly to the too friable surfaces of the flint-made roads of Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire. In designing the majority of such treads, too much thought has been given to the prevention of side-slip, and not enough to the effect of such armoured covers on the road-metal. Hence many tears on the part of road surveyors, and hysterical demands for taxation upon the part of those charged with the upkeep of our highways. This being so, it is reassuring to find that the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company have had this matter under consideration for some time, and, after repeated experiments, have produced a tyre which, while quite effective as a non-skid, will do no more harm to road-surfaces than a plain cover—that is, little or none. A further improvement in the fabric-backing is said to be likely to add a good deal to the life of the tyre.

Many and strenuous were the efforts noticeable at the Show to produce the perfect wind-screen, and it must be admitted that a vast amount of ingenuity and thought had been expended in the design of more than one. Now the perfect wind-screen should, while fully protecting the bodies of the occupants of the front seat of a car, also be, as to its upper part, brought so nearly to the faces of the two sitters as to obviate any feeling of back-draught—that is, the current of air returning in the direction of the progress of the car in an attempt to fill up the partial vacuum produced immediately behind the screen. A stationary wedge-shaped block of air is always carried along behind any screen, and the sides of this wedge should run rearwards to a point, at such angles that the driver and passenger are well within the triangle. Now, one of the few screens in which this end is correctly achieved is the Cromwell patent folding wind-screen by Messrs. Morgan and Co., of 127, Long Acre, and 10, Old Bond Street, W.

It is now quite evident that when the Club gave the Motor Union notice of the termination of the working agreement which had existed for so long between the bodies, it—the Club—was in dead earnest, and meant no going back upon its word. Henceforward, the two

bodies are to go each their separate ways, working out the motorist's salvation in such manner as shall seem best to them. But one wonders why a general meeting of the Club was not called, and the members as a whole asked if they desired the cutting adrift of the Union. There are those who say that but for two or three men on each side no parting would have taken place, and a meeting might well have been arranged.

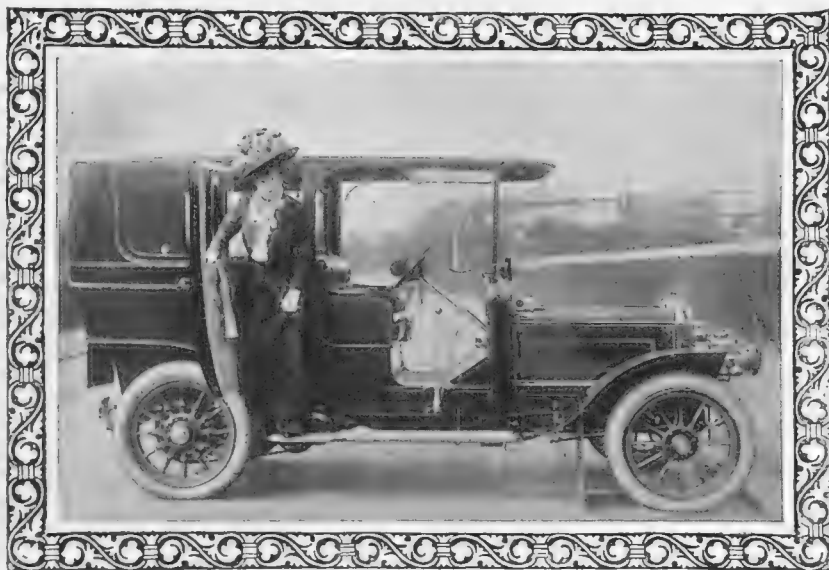
Mr. George Ricketts, an expert on horses, has given motorists some hints as to the methods they should adopt when meeting horse-hauled vehicles. If it be taken for granted that a car approaches a horse at about three times the animal's speed, the horse will not regard the car until the latter is, say, about a hundred yards distant from him. They will therefore meet by the time the horse has travelled twenty-five and the car seventy-five yards. Now Mr. Ricketts says that the horse is scared at seeing a large object bearing rapidly down upon him in the middle of the road, and thinks that unless he immediately turns round and gets away upon himself he will instantly be

swept to that bourne from which no horse ever returns. Mr. Ricketts says that if motorists would turn hard down on to their own side, and keep there until past, Mr. Horse would remain unperturbed.

Notwithstanding the manifold improvements in ignition, I am firmly convinced that the end—that is to say, perfection—is by no means in sight. For instance, a minor, but nevertheless an

extremely valuable, improvement in high-tension accumulator ignition is embodied in a system fathered by the United Motor Industries, and shown by that firm at Olympia, where, by the way, it seems to have escaped notice. The improvement consists in the introduction of a condenser (a condenser is a kind of electric siding or shunt) in the primary circuit between the primary terminal of the coil and the contact-maker, or wipe. The effect of this introduction is to cause a spark

at the sparking-plug at times when the coil-trembler sticks. At all times the additional condenser improves the firing of the engine considerably.



A STAGE FAVOURITE AND HER CAR: MISS KITTY GORDON AND HER NEW 23-H.P. DAIMLER.

The car has a wheel-base of 9 ft. 6 in. It is painted blue, with blue mouldings and fine white lines. The upholstery is in drab cloth, and the fittings are of brass.



THE JAM OF NAWANAGAR. MOTORING WITH HIS AIDES-DE-CAMP AND MR. ARCHIE McLAREN.

Prince Ranjitsinhji has just added a new 28-h.p. six-cylinder Lanchester landau to his already large stud of those cars. The Jam, it is interesting to note, has promised to turn out for his old county next season. He is now in this country for his health.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

WHY NOT A CLOSE SEASON? WINTER BETTING—OTHER PEOPLE'S HORSES.

I HAVE been talking to some of the leading cross-country trainers and jockeys, and they agree in thinking that the National Hunt committee should enforce a close season, say from the middle of November until Boxing Day. As things are arranged at present, we find many of the old leather-flapping platers stumped up before the finish of each year, with the result that the selling races yield badly from January to March. It is said that the plethora of winter fixtures is forced on the park meetings by club members, but that I very much doubt; at any rate, very few of the Upper Ten attend races under National Hunt rules before the month of February. The holiday would weigh heavily on the jockeys, but even they would be nearly as well off in the long run, as the majority of them have to pay stiff railway fares and hotel expenses, only to find themselves without a mount just now. I propose that a month's holiday be granted in December, and that during the rest of the season only four days' racing be allowed per week, and no clashing between the big meetings. Last week we saw Sandown and Haydock Park competing for public patronage on the same two days, to the disadvantage of both meetings. It is, by-the-by, somewhat strange that trainers put the owners to unnecessary expense by taking their horses hundreds of miles away, while they could capture big prizes within a few miles of their own door.

The winter favourites for the Derby are Lesbia, trained by Blackwell, and Prospector, trained by Nugent. The King's smart colt,

Handicap, including Malua, Roseate Dawn, Wise Mason, Dean Swift, and Lord Carton. The great street-corner tip for the race is Longcroft. I may add that several horses mentioned in the betting in connection with the race are not likely to be entered, so that would-be speculators should have a care. The Grand National fancies are Ascetic's Silver, Cackler, Roman Law, Rathvale, Aunt May, Drumcree, Eremon, Patlander, Oatlands, and Phil May. The Great Steeplechase at Aintree is not so difficult to deal with as the Lincoln Handicap, for the "horses for courses"



SAFE FROM ATTACK BY HIS QUARRY: THE REGENT OF BAVARIA SHOOTING WILD BOAR.



THE ROYAL LUNCHEON-PARTY AFTER THE MORNING'S SPORT: SHOWING THE BAG. BOAR-SHOOTING WITHOUT BOREDOM: THE REGENT OF BAVARIA'S SPORTING METHODS.

Prince Luitpold, Regent of Bavaria, is close upon eighty-seven years of age, but boasts that he has not had a day's illness in his life. He recently experienced fine sport while on a wild-boar shooting expedition.

Perrier, is inquired after, as are Vamose, trained at Kingsclere, and White Eagle, trained by Persse. Another likely candidate is Mr. James Buchanan's Mountain Apple, trained by Major Edwardes, while Little Flutter, trained by F. R. Hunt at Winchester, is very likely to be heard of in the price-list before long. I believe that at last the King owns a colt worthy to carry the royal colours respectably, and I for one should not be in the least surprised to find Perrier very nearly first favourite in the early spring. The colt has not been hurried in his work, and Marsh has a high opinion of his charge. Many horses have already been backed for the Lincoln

works out fairly successfully at Liverpool, and it would not be difficult to guess before the start the name of every animal likely to get over the course successfully bar accidents. But, unfortunately, accidents are, as a rule, more than plentiful, and few who saw the race won by Old Joe are likely to forget that any one of the twelve horses in front of the old 'un at the Brook the second time round must have beaten him easily bar a fall; but the lot fell one after another, and Old Joe was left to trot in.

I was present at a suburban meeting not long ago, and saw a fairly good race for a fairly large prize, but the betting was of a kaleidoscopic character. Two horses that were supposed on paper to have big chances were well backed by the little punters when the runners appeared on the board, but both were given an Irishman's rise in the quotations later on, while another animal, that had just a chance on the book, and that is all, came up three or four points, and, what is more, he won comfortably. After the race I heard that a trainer with a horse engaged in the race had backed the winner, and had £350 to draw. I also heard

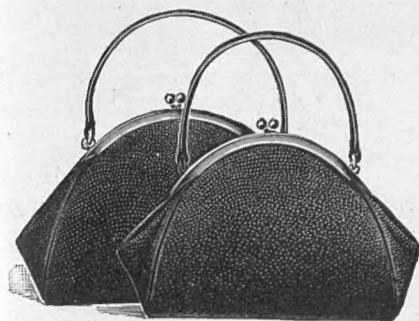
that he did not fancy his own horse. There is no rule to prevent trainers from betting, and therefore, when they do have a bet, they are at perfect liberty to back what animal they choose; but what I ask is: would they like to see their transactions chalked up on the number-board before the start? How would this read: "XX, who trains No. 27, has invested £100 on No. 25." 'Pon my word, I think this should be, if trainers are allowed to bet.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

Christmas in the Shops.

THE occupation of the day is shopping. There is an air of benevolence on the faces of the friends we meet. Either they have bought or are just going to buy what they believe to be the desire of the heart of someone they care for, and so they are beaming of countenance, thinking happily of the success of their quest. It is rather awkward when two people out buying presents for each other meet in the shop. This occurred the other



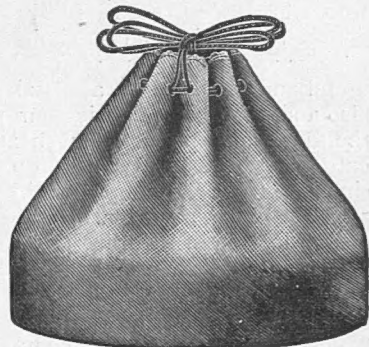
NEW HAND-BAGS FOR LADIES,
AT MESSRS. JOHN POUND'S.

day at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, 112, Regent Street, which is a real rendezvous for gift-seekers at this time of year. They each wanted jewellery, but both dissembled and went to the silver and gold department. There is a really fine variety in it of things suitable for Christmas presents at quite reasonable cost. My friends selected some lovely little things for other people, said adieu, and in turn made their more serious purchases alone.

No one will be disappointed with what is bought for them at this establishment, for genuine goodness is a watchword of the firm. The Caran d'Ache models of dogs as charms or match-boxes are proving quite a draw. In silver and enamel for match-boxes they cost 25s. A delightful and most useful little silver-gilt case on a chain is fitted with a mirror, powder-puff, and receptacle for powder. This costs, all complete, 20s. A silver rose-bowl on an ebony plinth is a gift acceptable to any woman, and costs but 32s. 6d.; while a little fruit-dish in silver in one of the company's newest and most graceful designs costs 47s. 6d., and is just the right thing for crystallised Christmas fruits. A silver coffee-pot, cream-jug, and sugar-basin and tongs in case costs only £8—a really handsome and such a useful present. Copies of an old Sheraton knife-box in silver, in large size for bridge, and in small for patience, make much-prized presents. There is a wide selection of gold and silver cups copied from old classical models; a fine collection of waist-band-buckles

golfing, and motoring folk. The great recommendation of all these things lies in the fact of their having been bought at this establishment, whereon might be the motto, "The best alone allowed to enter here."

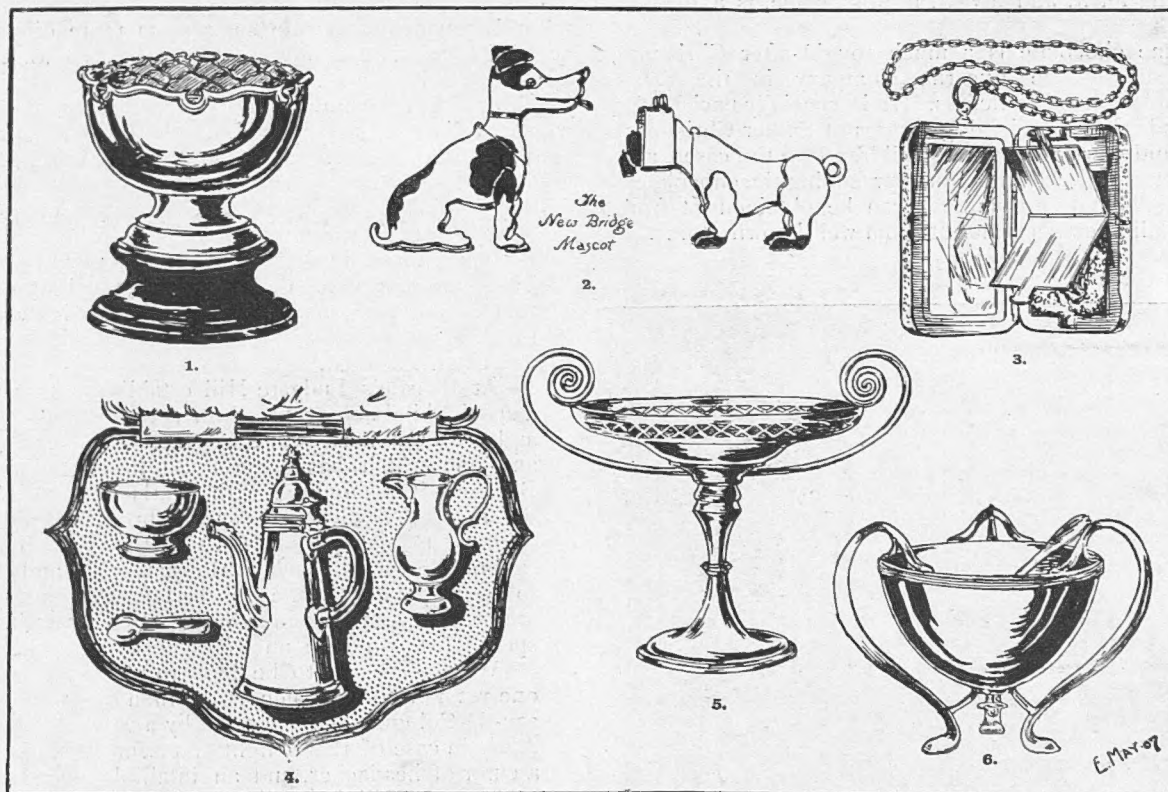
There are some men who are very difficult to cater for at Christmas. They seem to have no wants and no hobbies. They are rare, I admit, but are often the men best worth pleasing. John Pound and Co., 211, Regent Street, and 67, Piccadilly, and also at Tottenham Court Road and Leadenhall Street, is a very helpful firm when one has difficult friends of either sex to provide for. Their bags are of world-wide fame, fitted with everything one can possibly require. Because, however, they have attained so high a reputation (and because it is deserved; it is a case of one person one bag a lifetime) if your friends are provided the beautiful bags won't do. There are the latest



THE NEW COLLAR-BAG,
AT MESSRS. JOHN POUND'S.

and naggiest cases for men for short stays and for motor tours—all they need put up in the smallest and most compact way. Equally convenient and much more dainty are the fitted motor-cases for ladies. A success of the season is the new collar-bag, made limp, to draw up with a cord at the top. Men swear by it, and say that as really good a way of carrying collars has never before been invented. They curl round in the bottom, and handkerchiefs and ties fit in above. These are made from 5s. 6d. to 13s. 6d., and make a present a man will use and for which he will bless the giver. Women like them to carry their morning-collars and neckwear. They have taken immensely to the new balloon-bag, which proves singularly accommodating, and costs only a guinea in dark green, blue, black, or brown seal-leather. To return again to the lords of creation, a shirt-case which is no more cumbersome than a portfolio will take six shirts, carry in pockets in the four flap-over covers gloves, ties, dress-ties, and handkerchiefs, and is a really useful thing, costing

only 27s. 6d. A real pigskin shaving-set, with a Gillette razor and twelve blades, soap and brush, all compact in a pigskin-case for 35s., is a good gift for a man. For either sex a strong roan writing-case, with lock and key, is useful, at 10s. 6d., and I know of nothing that better pleases a boy or girl. A man's bank-note case, in seal, for 22s. 6d., or real crocodile for 25s. 6d., is a thing he will be thankful for. I say man's advisedly—we don't often have bank-



1. A SILVER ROSE-BOWL.
4. A SILVER COFFEE SET.

2. CARAN D'ACHE DOGS.
5. A TAZZA FOR FRUITS.

3. A SILVER-GILT POWDER-BOX ON A CHAIN.
6. A SUGAR-BASIN WITH SIFTER.

NOVELTIES AT THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS', 112, REGENT-STREET.

fine brown-and-gold shell is a present-de-luxe for a dainty lady. For a man a keenly appreciated gift is a silver box with soap-case, brush-case, and Gillette razor and blades. From a few shillings up to many pounds there are presents to suit all tastes, appealing to hunting and shooting, yachting, fishing, ballooning,

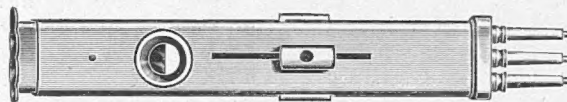
when we do, don't keep them long enough to require a case. Silver-mounted bottles, in strong leather-cases, are useful presents for travellers; a set of three, packed into a round case, costs 30s. They are splendid for carrying medicine, scent, or spirits. A flat gold pencil with twelve refills, for 16s. 6d., is a charming gift;

in silver it costs 3s. 6d. Travelling photograph-cases, in fine crushed morocco, are nice presents, and are only half-a-guinea. A book of illustrations of novelties suitable for presents, published by the firm, is well worth writing for if it is impossible to visit the establishment—one most justly famed for the excellence of its products.

"Suggestions for Presents"—who doesn't want them just now? They are useful at any time of year, just now necessities. The above is the title of a most beautifully produced and informing book issued by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, who have fine premises at 188, Oxford Street, and at 125-6, Fenchurch Street. They have a wonderful variety of splendid jewellery and rings, set artistically; and originality is quite a specialty with them. Of a ring in diamonds and a fine pear-shaped emerald an illustration appears, and the price is the moderate one of £17. Besides collars, tiaras, necklaces and pendants, earrings, brooches, and pins of the finest gems, the company have quantities of smaller pieces suitable for more general gifts. Of these there are safety-pins on which are ducks, foxes, pheasants, woodcock, or horseshoes in diamonds from £2 10s. to five guineas; similar models in gold on similar pins, £1 5s. to £2 10s. Quantities of links and studs there are to choose from. For a small gift and a useful and unusual one, a lip-salve case in silver at 13s. 6d. is good, also a silver case with tricolour pencil and a reliable cigar-cutter is the same small price. Very neat and very useful is a new paper-cutter and book-marker, the top a comical enamelled head which shuts down over the page with a spring, and which is in silver, 5½ inches long, a guinea. Date-cases and clocks are always useful; a combination of them in silver is also ornamental, and costs only £1 16s. 6d. Very useful is a bridge box in plain silver in the shape of an old Sheraton knife-box. If one is in quest of something useful and to look nice, I think a perfect chafing-dish in Welbeck plate—a specialty of the company—meets the requirement; with dishes, which can be used separately, lamp and all complete, guaranteed to wear for forty years, such a gift costs only £6 15s. We all know the convenience of such a contrivance, and what truly delightful meals can be cooked on it. Chain purses are things that ladies like, and there is a fine variety of them in gold studded with with chased mounts, and

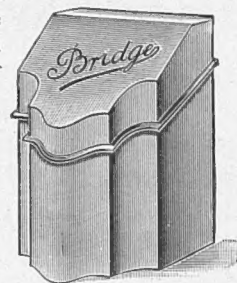


A FINE RING IN DIAMONDS WITH A PEAR-SHAPED EMERALD.



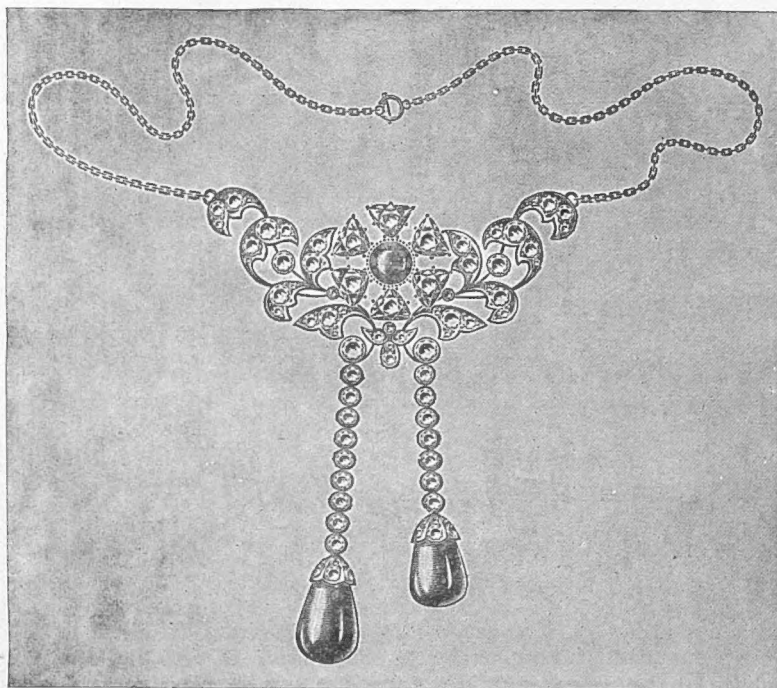
A TRI-COLOUR PENCIL-CASE AND CIGAR-CUTTER.

GIFTS USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL AT THE ALEXANDER CLARK MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S.



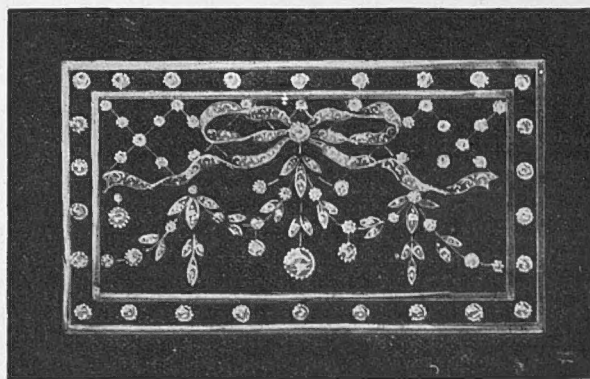
A NOVEL BRIDGE BOX.

Good wholesome chocolate is a much sought-after Christmas dainty. That made by the Lucerna Company in the Swiss mountains is dependable and delicious. It is specially packed for Christmas into gilt baskets, fascinating figures of Father Christmas, travelling-trunks, and pewter caskets. Children love the cases, and children of a greater growth join them in appreciating the chocolates. These in their ornamental surroundings can be obtained at from 1s. to 5s. of any leading confectioner or from well-known stores.



A SUPERB NECKLET IN DIAMONDS AND EMERALDS AT MESSRS. J. W. BENSON'S.

Of all gems there is none like the pearl. It has refinement, fascination, fire in its lustre, and a sheen which it is indescribably pleasant to watch. A string of pearls by the Parisian Diamond



A DIAMOND PLAQUE FOR THE NECK AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

Company has all these charms, and the longer you have them, the better they be, if I may plagiarise the woman, the hound, and the walnut-tree. Their pearls are simply perfection. I may say the same of their art in jewels, and as that is the title of a dainty and delightfully illustrated little book for this season, I take the opportunity of advising that it be sent for and examined as a real test of what art in jewels really is. The illustration here given is of a plaque for the neck, entirely carried out in diamonds set in the newest way and finest workmanship, so that the stones only are seen. There are numerous designs in diamonds on neck velvets, which are quite the Each of these is more spirit and feeling than combs, bangles, hair

ornament of the year. graceful and full of the other. Earrings, ornaments, chains, pendants, buckles, rings, brooches, ropes, whatever the ornament the present-seeker desires, he will find it at the company's saloon in quite the best form, and in endless variety.

There are many reasons why it is a pleasure to buy Christmas gifts at J. W. Benson's beautiful establishment in Old Bond Street. One is that it is unnecessary to put a lump sum down to have what you want. The purchase can be arranged on the *Times* system of twenty monthly payments. Lump sums seem more difficult to part from at Christmas than at any other season, so that this is a real advantage. It is one, too, which helps to secure such really fine jewellery. For instance, imagine the pleasure of giving to the one woman a diamond necklet with one lovely cabochon emerald in the centre, of a fine design in diamonds, and two pear-shaped similar gem-like tassels at the ends of lines of diamonds, at £165, and feeling that paying for it was an easy matter of so much a month for a year or twenty months—the time can be arranged. A specialty is being made in Indian sapphires mounted with diamonds. These are of a shade of blue now the height of the mode, and they do not lose that blue by artificial light. A lovely tiara of these gems, with diamonds and big pearls, costs £120, and forms a necklet if desired.

At Benson's Ludgate Hill establishment, seasonable gifts of a special kind are prepared in amethyst-and-pearl and peridot-and-pearl jewellery. The amethyst is a singularly lovely gem, and one which has come quite into fashionable favour. At Benson's it is mounted with pearls in exclusive designs, from £1 14s. up to five guineas as brooches, and as remarkably effective pendants from £3 18s. to £10. The same may be said of the peridot-and-pearl ornaments; and this stone is held to be very lucky, while it is certainly very pretty. The designs are so good and in such variety that only a visit or an illustrated special list can give an adequate idea of them.

Women are said to be hard to please: I have never known one yet fail to be much more than pleased with a bottle of eau-de-Cologne if—recognised by a very big Oh—it was "4711." A whole case of this delightful perfume, which is a restorative, a curer of headaches, and an infallible refresher, is a gift which any woman will be truly grateful for. It is conveniently and daintily put up, too. A case of six bottles is sent, post free, for 12s. 6d.—there will be many a case moving at Christmas; a wicker-covered bottle for travelling is from 3s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.; and there are dear little ones for theatre-goers and motorists at 9d. and 1s. It is awfully good for the skin, and a little in the water makes face-laving a real refreshment. Mülhen's Rhine Violet is also a delightful perfume, and much appreciated as a present.

Women do wonderful things these days, never so successfully as when they do them for their own sex. The Misses Allen-Brown's

violet preparations from their own nurseries, Henfield, Sussex, have, to use an expressive Americanism, caught on. They have a soap of which some of the greatest ladies in the land have written unstinted praise; of their English violet perfume, sachet, bath-salts and violet foam the same may be truly said. A Christmas specialty from their place is a set of their specialties for a guinea, post free, or half-set for 10s. 6d.

There is a pretty suggestion that you want to hear from a friend if you send a pen as a Christmas gift. Also nothing is more useful, few things are so personal and companionable. I can recommend an Onoto as a really delightful, self-contained pen which is quite perfect. The flow of ink is easy and even, the nibs are beautiful, and being pointed with iridium—a metal worth many times its weight in gold—and made of gold, never wear out, and run smoothly and with facility over the paper. The latest invention for controlling the feed in the pen prevents blotting and blotches. Also the pen, by an ingenious contrivance, feeds itself, and it cannot leak. I think I have said enough to prove what a valuable gift an Onoto pen is. It is one which will secure an everlasting gratitude; the prices are from 10s. 6d.

Exclusiveness is always desirable in present-giving. It is, however, frequently rather expensive, but not at the Association of Diamond Merchants', 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, because they register their designs, which are of great artistic excellence. A very comprehensive catalogue issued by the firm forms a reliable guide for intending purchasers; there is nothing that they cannot find in it in the way of jewellery or goldsmiths' and silversmith's work.

The firm give five per cent. discount for ready-money payments, but they also have a convenient and easy system of monthly payments. A tempting novelty for the season is a flexible gold-woven snake, which in the best gold costs four guineas. Their pearl-and-amethyst jewellery is also most attractive; a fine pendant and necklace is only £3 10s.; pendants alone are sold at 12s. 6d. and for 30s.; while a padlocked gold bracelet costs only three guineas and is set with fine amethysts.

When by disease or accident anyone is disabled from active participation in the affairs of our busy world, the mitigating words are "Carter's invalid and surgical furniture and appliances." This firm of surgical engineers have won for themselves even more heartfelt gratitude than nurses and doctors, which is going a far way in statements, but a way fully justified. Not generally is it known what a big affair Carter's is. I made a visit to their works at Camden Town, and there spent a deeply interested and instructive hour. They build

big ambulances—not, indeed at this place, but here the plans for them are thought out and the appliances perfected. So successful have they proved that a large order is now in hand for the War Office. They are adapted for motor-traction and have every scientific improvement, including a Rasilon spring (on which the stretchers are mounted) that absorbs every jolt or jar. Also they are so contrived that two recumbent patients are on the floor of the van, and their stretchers can be slid down an inclined plane. There is no movement more than if they were already in bed in a hospital.

These ambulances carry twelve persons, or one recumbent patient and six other patients. The Portuguese Government ordered a consignment of

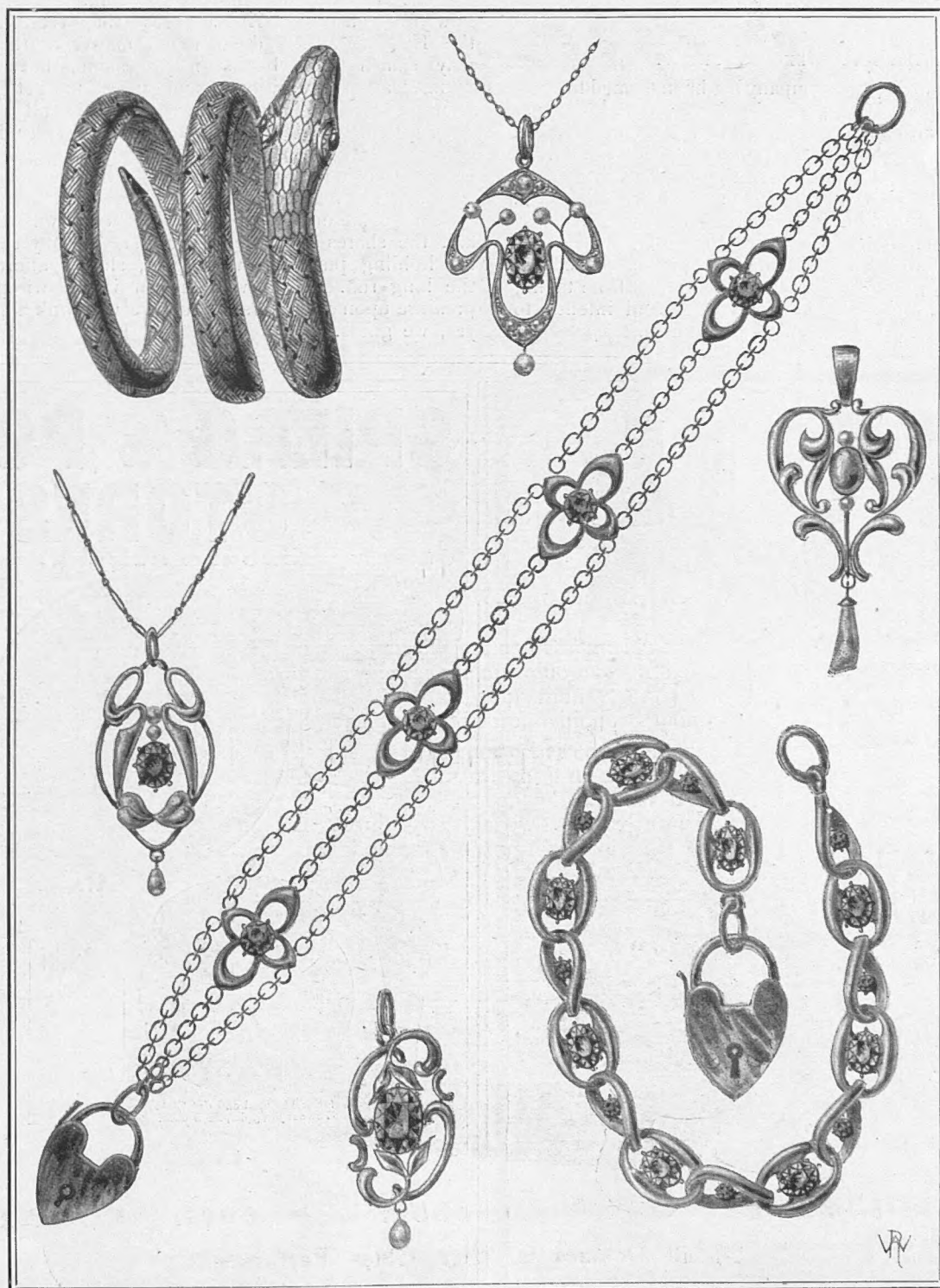
these appliances in a great hurry, and so pleased were they that further and larger orders resulted. Magnificent things for invalids whose legs are affected are tricycles propelled by the arms. These are brought to rare perfection at Carter's. They can be steered practically by a movement of the back; but should need for more strenuous action of the steering-wheel arise, there is an auxiliary lever to be worked by hand. The tricycles propelled by rowing action are also made to steer by the lightest touch of hand, as the invalid may not be really robust of arm or wrist. Quite a new invention is a simple and effective brake for invalid or other carriages. By pressing a button this is applied strongly enough to stop the wheel. Should it be desirable only to impede its rotation, there is a half action. A second pressure immediately releases the brake. So simple is this that a twist or two of a nut adjusts it—a really clever and useful invention, it appeared to me, so easy and practical.

A bed or couch table that I saw was capital. The foot was flat and heavy, so that it could be run right under a bed or couch and up to the patient. It can be placed at any angle; the minimum height is twenty-eight inches, and it can be run up high enough to do for a music-stand, for which a movable lamp attachment renders it very suitable. Then there is an absolutely perfect candle-lamp that is also new. It burns clearly, secures a concentration of light and an absolute avoidance of waste. As to the invalid chairs, it seems to me that there is no kind of malady that has not been successfully catered for.

Those who purpose including among the presents they will give their friends at Christmas time the ever useful and ever-satisfying briar may be reminded that Messrs. Allen and Wright have a wonderful stock of pipes of all shapes and sizes, and at all prices. It may be noted that the King of Spain was among Messrs. Allen and Wright's customers at 217, Piccadilly during his recent visit to this country.



THE PEN THAT FEEDS ITSELF: THE ONOTO.



CHRISTMAS GIFTS AT THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS', 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 27.

THE SITUATION.

THE American troubles are clearly not over, nor does it seem that the demand for gold on the other side of the Atlantic has come to an end, while the complacent tone of the President is by no means appreciated on this side. The notices in the case of bank deposits are beginning to expire, and everybody is asking what will happen when no further days of grace are available. One of the troubles in the United States has been the hoarding of currency, and if further banking failures are in the air it does not seem probable that this will cease; but, after all, there is not much difference between a complete stoppage of a bank, and the failure to cash customers' cheques, which is what happens all over the States just now.

Mr. Maurice Low in the *National Review* for this month says—"The United States has a banking system so unscientific and so crude that it is a disgrace to a civilized people." It is impossible in these columns to discuss so involved and so technical a subject, even if we were qualified to do so—which we are not—but it is generally admitted that the whole banking system of the Union requires to be overhauled, and that probably the simplest plan would be to create a Central State institution with a right of note-issue; but, as a very intelligent Yankee remarked to us the other day, "any such an institution would be probably captured by Rockefeller, or Harriman, or Hill, or somebody, after a decent interval, and then we should see some startling finance."

At any rate, there seems no present end of the Yankee crisis, and our own Bank returns hardly justify one expecting cheaper money just now, whilst the end-of-the-year demand in the provinces is making itself felt.

THE BRITISH AND MEXICAN TRUST.

We hear that a powerful English company has been formed to assist in the industrial development of Mexico, of which Sir Wm. F. Haynes Smith, K.C.M.G., is Chairman, assisted by a very powerful Mexican Board. It is said that there will be no public issue of the shares, but of this we are not sure. Of late years the Yankees have been exploiting Mexico, but in view of their own troubles, which will prevent much of that kind of thing for some time, there seems plenty of room for British capital to have a share in some of the good things which the rapid development of Mexico appears to promise.

The Trust is, we hear, debarred by its memorandum from taking part in mining, smelting, and such like enterprises, and intends to confine its energies to purely commercial undertakings.

FOREIGN BONDS CUM COUPON.

Very desirable acquisitions: it is not only the ladies who like to buy something upon which a dividend is payable almost immediately after they make a purchase. Moreover, seeing that things are going better in the New Year—we pause for a moment, looking all round—it seems highly probable, don't you think, that part of the deduction for the coupon will be recovered? In other words, that the bonds will improve in price after the coupons are detached. Well then, what decent bonds are there upon which the interest is payable about New Year's Day? Perhaps a little list is the best way of showing the selection at your disposal—

| Bond. | Price. | Interest. | Due. | Yield. |
|------------------------|--------|-----------|---------|--------|
| Argentine N. Cen. Rly. | 98 | 5 | Jan. 1 | 5 4 9 |
| Brazil Funding.. | 101 | 5 | Jan. 1 | 5 0 0 |
| Chinese Gold '95 | 105 | 6 | Dec. 31 | 5 17 8 |
| Japan Sterling.. | 84 | 4 | Dec. 31 | 4 17 7 |
| Japan Second Series | 90½ | 4½ | Jan. 10 | 5 1 8 |
| Mexico Gold .. | 100 | 5 | Jan. 1 | 5 1 3 |
| Russian Railway | 81 | 4 | Jan. 1 | 5 0 0 |
| Spanish .. | 92 | 4 | Jan. 1 | 4 8 0 |

It has to be observed that allowance is made in each case for accrued interest. Also, that the coupons upon the last three bonds and the Brazil Funding are payable quarterly; half-yearly, all the rest.

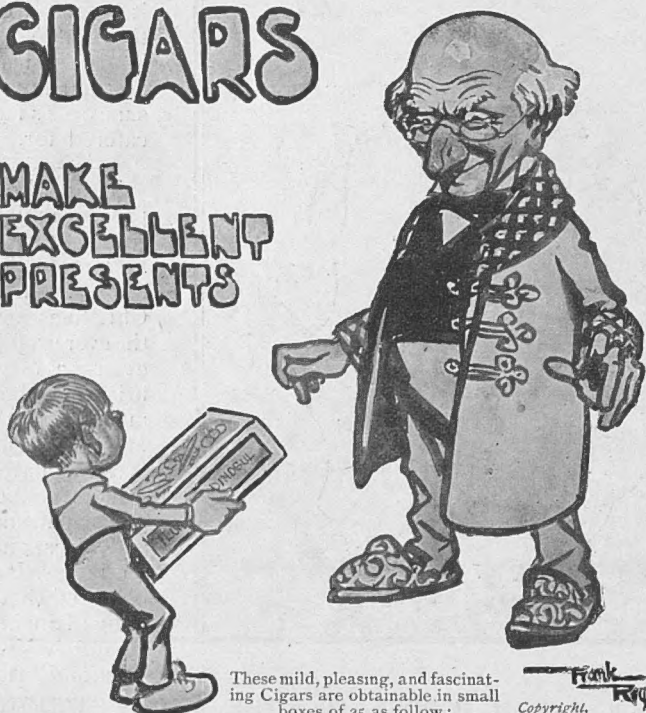
THOSE YANKEE BEARS.

Shrewd friends of ours in the American Market, denying the soft impeachment of personal interest, tell us that the market is a very Ishmael—everybody's hand against it, everyone crying, "Down! Down with it!" They go on—and this is the important part of the business—to deduce from such pessimism the presence of a substantial bear account which the bold spirits of Wall Street can squeeze as hard as it may please them. Consequently, be careful how you go a bear of Americans, is the best advice given us from the House. Merits don't much matter at the moment. Banks may smash and banks may resume, but the gamblers go upon market conditions, and upon market conditions solely. The fabric is unsubstantial enough in all conscience. Crisis has passed, yet much trouble remains behind, and the falling-off in the trade of the United States augurs unpleasantly for the future of railroads. Dividends will have to be lowered here and there. It was feared that the distribution on Denver Preferred would have to come down, but the 2½ per cent. was declared last Friday, and the shares recovered 4 points. To buy the best-class shares for holding purposes, we repeat, should afford a fine profit in the long run. What will happen if the wirepullers cease their pressure upon the bears "of course we don't know, but we guess; yes, we guess."

(Continued on page XII.)

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EXCELLENT
PRESENTS



These mild, pleasing, and fascinating Cigars are obtainable in small boxes of 25 as follow:

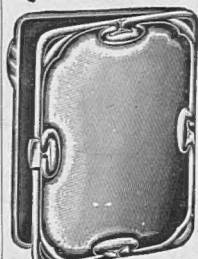
Flor de Dindigul, No. 2 size, 5/-; 50, 9/6. Flor de Dindigul EXTRA (extra choice), 7/-; 50, 14/-.

Flor de Dindigul Grandes (large, in silver paper), 10/6; 50, 21/-.

Sold by all good tobacconists, or carriage paid to all addresses in the Kingdom from the Importer, BEWLEY, 49, Strand, London. Established 127 years.

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Ladies' Solid Silver Card Case, 4½ by 3 in., 28/-



Solid Silver Hand Mirror, 56/-



Silver Mounted Shoe Lift, 6/-

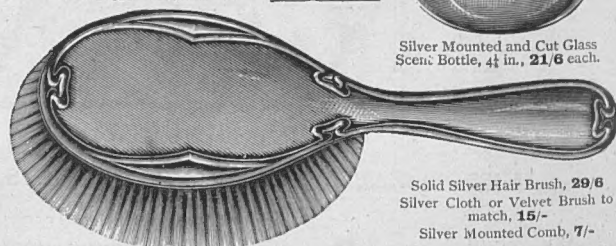


Silver Mounted and Cut Glass Powder Jar, 3½ in., 25/3 each.

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